

# *The Morning Star* *2007*

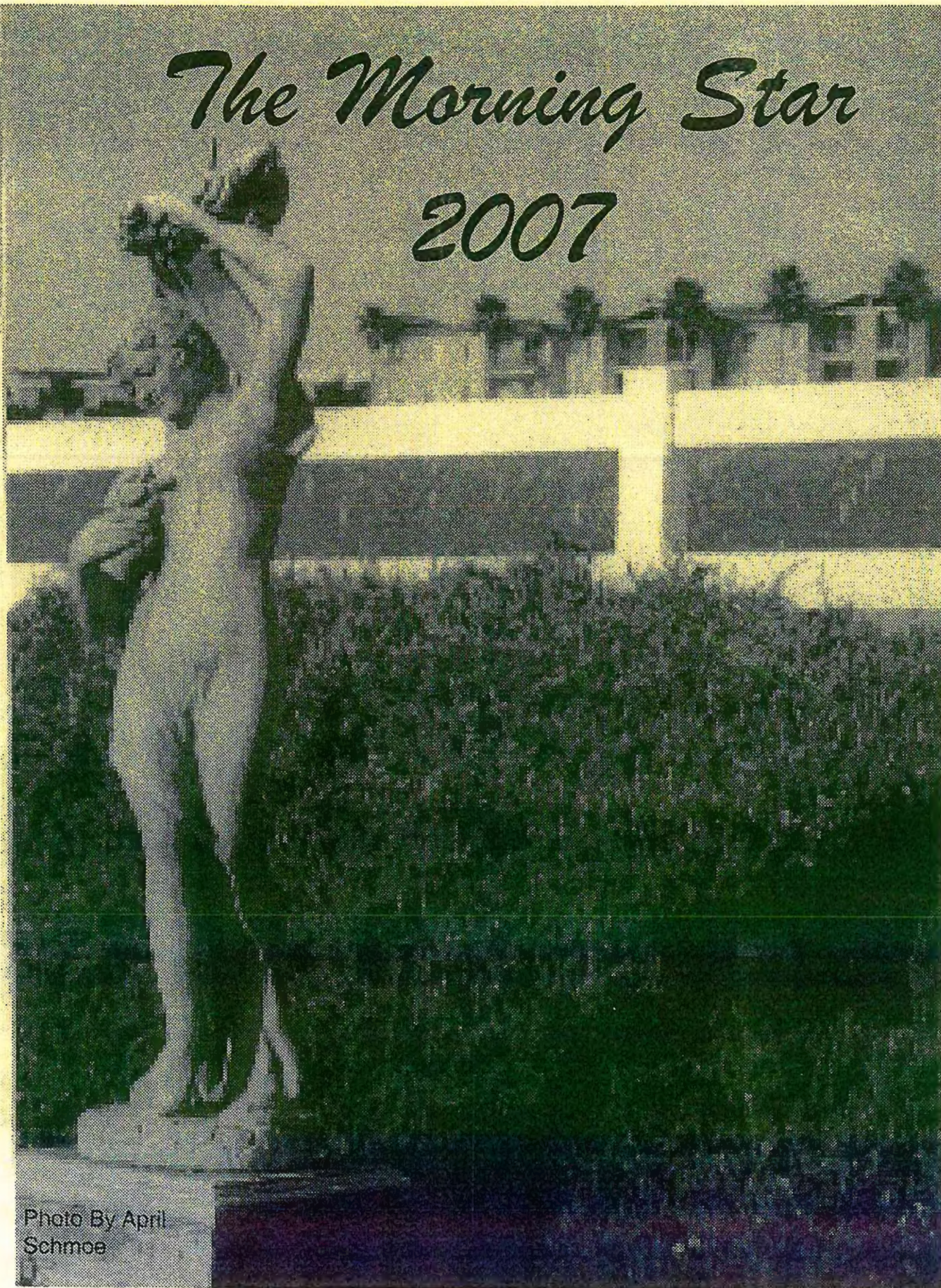


Photo By April  
Schmoe

# Morning Star

2006-2007

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This is just a friendly poem  
Just as friendly as can be  
That's meant to introduce you  
To me and me and me



We're just the friendly Editors  
Of this wonderful display  
That's meant to showcase talent  
In every single way

And so we'd like to welcome you  
From places near and far  
To our little anthology  
Called the Morning Star

Susan Leslie

## The Apple Trees

In all of my seventy-nine years, I have been picking apples. My mother had made home-made applesauce from freshly picked apples, as did my daughter and granddaughter. The tradition of making applesauce and the family recipe lives on through the various branches of my family. I hope that the tradition of making homemade applesauce will live on after I am gone.

I stretch my arm out to try to reach the closest apple on the tree, but my arm will still not reach it. I am ten years old already and Mom's little helper in the kitchen. Every year, around early fall, I get excited about making applesauce. I cannot reach even the lowest branches of the apple tree, but Mom says that soon I will be able to. I cannot wait until I can finally pick my own apples off the tree. I love the sound they make when they come falling aimlessly out of the tree. A pluck as the apple comes off the branch and then the swish of the tree branch as it moves back to its original position. Although I cannot pick the apples yet, I am able to help my Mom in the kitchen.

Many things need to be done in the kitchen when it comes time to make the applesauce. Every year Mom tells me the steps to making applesauce. First, we have to pick the apples off the tree. Mom says, "Check. That has already been done." Next, we have to peel the apples. Mom says that I cannot help with this job until I am much older. I always notice how she strongly says 'much.' After that, we have to boil the apples. At least I think so. I always tend to forget these next few steps.

Next, Mom says that we have to check for worms in the apples. Gross! I hate looking at worms, and I do not want to touch them either! Looking for worm in the apples is my least favorite job, but as Mom says, "It must be done." I always do what she says, because she is the boss around the house. Once we get past the step of looking for worms, it is on to cutting the apples into pieces. Mom usually does this job since I am not old enough to use a knife yet. I always wonder how Mom's hands cut the apples so fast without cutting herself, too. I always think to myself, "I will never be able to cut that fast!"

After my Mom gets done cutting the apples, we move on to the next step. We have to boil all of the apple pieces in huge bowls of water. When we boil the apples, we are making them softer so that it is easier to mush them all up. I love it when the apples get all smushy and mushy. Sometimes, there are a few apples that do not get cooked all the way, so I get to smash them with a spoon. It is so much fun. After we cook and mush the apples, we stir the smashed apples into a thick applesauce. We are almost done making applesauce!

Anyway, I know that after a couple more steps, the time comes when Mom gets called away to do something else, like take Dad some water. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. My finger glides towards the bowl of freshly made applesauce when I hear the kitchen door slam shut. Quickly, I pull back my finger from within reach of the bowl. Mom has not seen a thing. I will have to wait until she leaves, so that I can try again to snatch a little taste of the yummy applesauce.

After the applesauce is made, my mom and I put the applesauce into little containers or plastic Baggies to stay in until we need some more. I always want to set up an applesauce stand, like a lemonade stand only with applesauce, next to the road. Every year, Mom says that I cannot do that, because we need the applesauce to eat. We never sell the applesauce, because we never have any extra. Or that is what Mom always says! I think that making applesauce will carry on through my family.

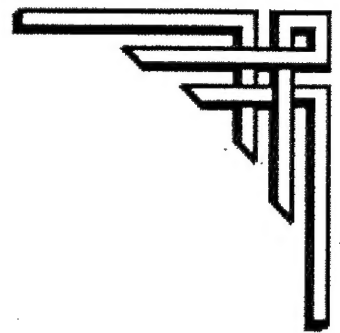
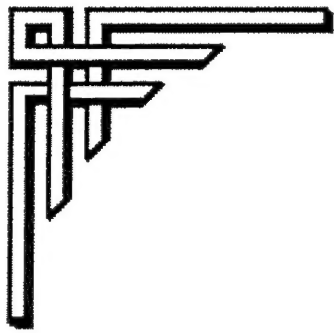
I hope that all of my family knows the correct way to make applesauce. The tradition of making applesauce should be carried throughout the generations of my family, as that was the way it was done when I was a little girl. I will never forget those days, when I was helping Mom in the kitchen or running carefree outside to go to try to reach the lowest branch of that apple tree. Those memories are as precious to me as the tradition of making applesauce being carried on.

## Advice to Young Football Players

Make a good impression on the first day of two A days; do everything 100% every play; do not be selfish, put the team ahead of your self; make good decisions; do not make coach mad, especially on pad say; unless you like to run; get your shoulder pads, not to big, but not too small; get fitted for a helmet; do not let it be to big, you may get a concussion; get all of your smaller pads; when picking out pants get them a little bit small, it helps you run faster; condition as hard as you can, it impacts how the team plays on game day; learn to block; this is the most important part of the game of football; hit the holes the line opens up; do not bounce the ball outside unless nothing is open up the middle; learn to take a handoff right; doing it wrong could result in a fumble; do not fumble; there will be running as punishment; this is how you take a handoff; this is how you catch a pass; do not catch the pass the wrong way; run good routes for this makes timing for the quarterback easier; learn to take a hit after running or catching a ball; keep your feet moving and drive them back; tackle the ball carrier hard every time; do not be on your heels; when tackling wrap up, they may not fall over on contact; read your keys go cloudy to clear, fill the holes when it is clear, take it out side when it is cloudy; if you get hurt go to the trainer for help; ice up minor injuries for they may become larger as the year progresses; stretch to help reduce the chances of those injuries affecting the way you play; injuries take the fun out of the game, most importantly have fun. Why be out here if it's not fun for you?

Paul Choate

Drawing by Ariel Fentress



Darkness  
Tabby R Christensen

Darkness is anger at the peak of its high,  
Black is the color of blood on a midnight ride,  
The smell of smoke and fire and rotting flesh  
Overwhelms me...

The black of a burnt ruin on a grave  
Below, the taste of freshly dug up dirt and  
Freshly bleeding blood and falling tears.  
A voice screaming in the night deep in one's  
Thoughts of despair,  
Darkness is anger at the highest peak in which all  
Emotion goes numb and blind in due time.

COLD  
Tabby Christensen

Coldness, I feel as cold and empty as ice...  
Silver is the color of glistening swords that  
Rings under pale moonlight.  
The smell of freshly fallen snow throughout  
The land...

The look of purity and nothingness stillness of  
Death but beauty, the taste of nothingness is  
Refreshing as water untouched by man...

I hear nothing but the sound of silence upon  
The land,

Cold as I feel to the touch and empty on the  
Inside like a fresh but living corpse with eyes  
That ever wonders the vast commotion of life,  
Yet seeking calmness and silence of empty  
Space.

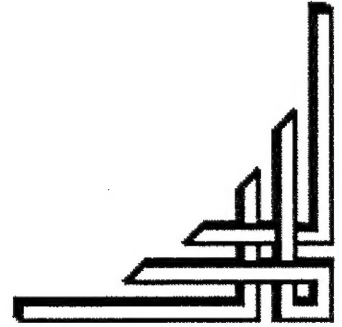
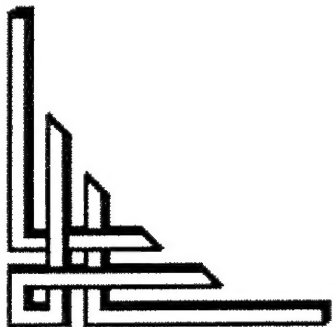




photo by: Alexa Coobs

Alexa Coobs

## Seed to Food

Plant the seed, water it but not too hard or it will wash away, or you won't get a plant, watch it grow in the germination chamber, when it gets too big, put it in a bigger pot, but not too big, or it is a loss of space, then wait for good weather to plant outside, but don't plant too early, because there may be a late frost, but don't plant too late or you won't get any produce before the first fall frost. Don't pick the produce too soon or it won't taste good, and it won't taste good if it isn't any good at all. When you prepare produce don't overcook it, because it might burn; then it's harder to clean the dishes, when cleaning produce, especially, HOT pepper don't get any juices near your eyes or mouth, make sure you don't put too many hot peppers in what you are making or your mouth may feel as if it is on fire, just make sure you don't catch whatever you are making on fire, or you may cause damage to the house, if you have any little kids in the house don't let them near the hot peppers, because they aren't old enough to handle spicy foods yet, but don't worry milk is the best thing to give them if they do eat any spicy foods, next time just make sure they don't eat any at all next time you make any hot foods, who knows maybe they will learn to like or dislike spicy foods, just like you, you had to learn how to like or dislike spicy food.

Bye Devil

Mario was a cat,  
Life for Mario wasn't fair.  
He lived in a mansion,  
But, his owner was a devil.  
The owner named him, "beat me."  
I bought that cat,  
I never forgot that precious moment.  
I loved him very dearly.

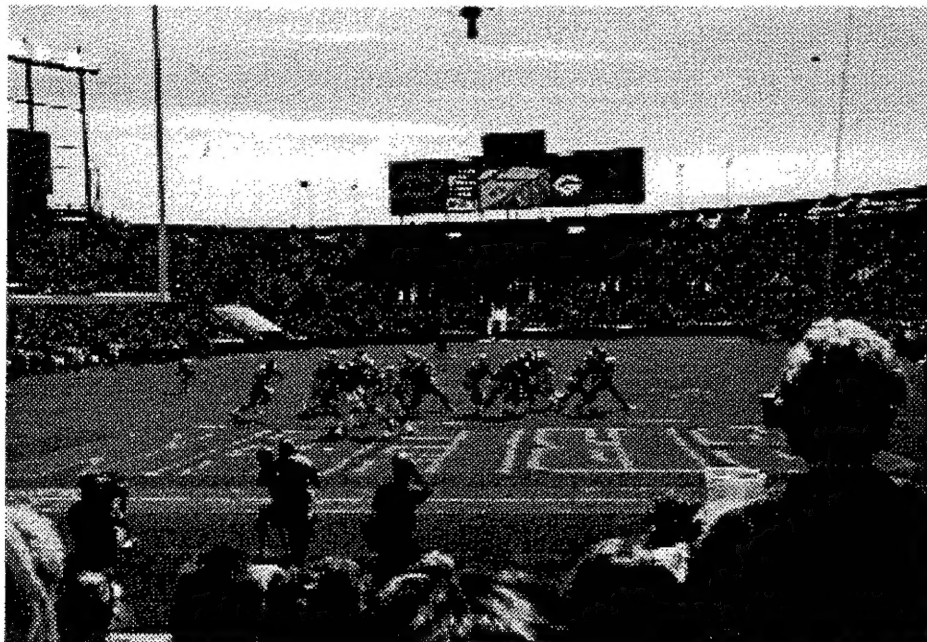


Mario showed his love,  
By biting us and sleeping on us.  
That cat's like the devil.  
Why did he break things?  
And why did he break that mirror?  
Mirror, did you stare at him?  
But those seven years turned into two days.  
A river of biting and disobedience,  
Flowing to his eternal rest.  
Mario sat in the street.  
That gliding green truck,  
Took him away.  
Pay respect for him,  
My cat is dead.  
And still somehow alive.

## Advice for Homecoming

Poem and Photo by: Nick Hennigan

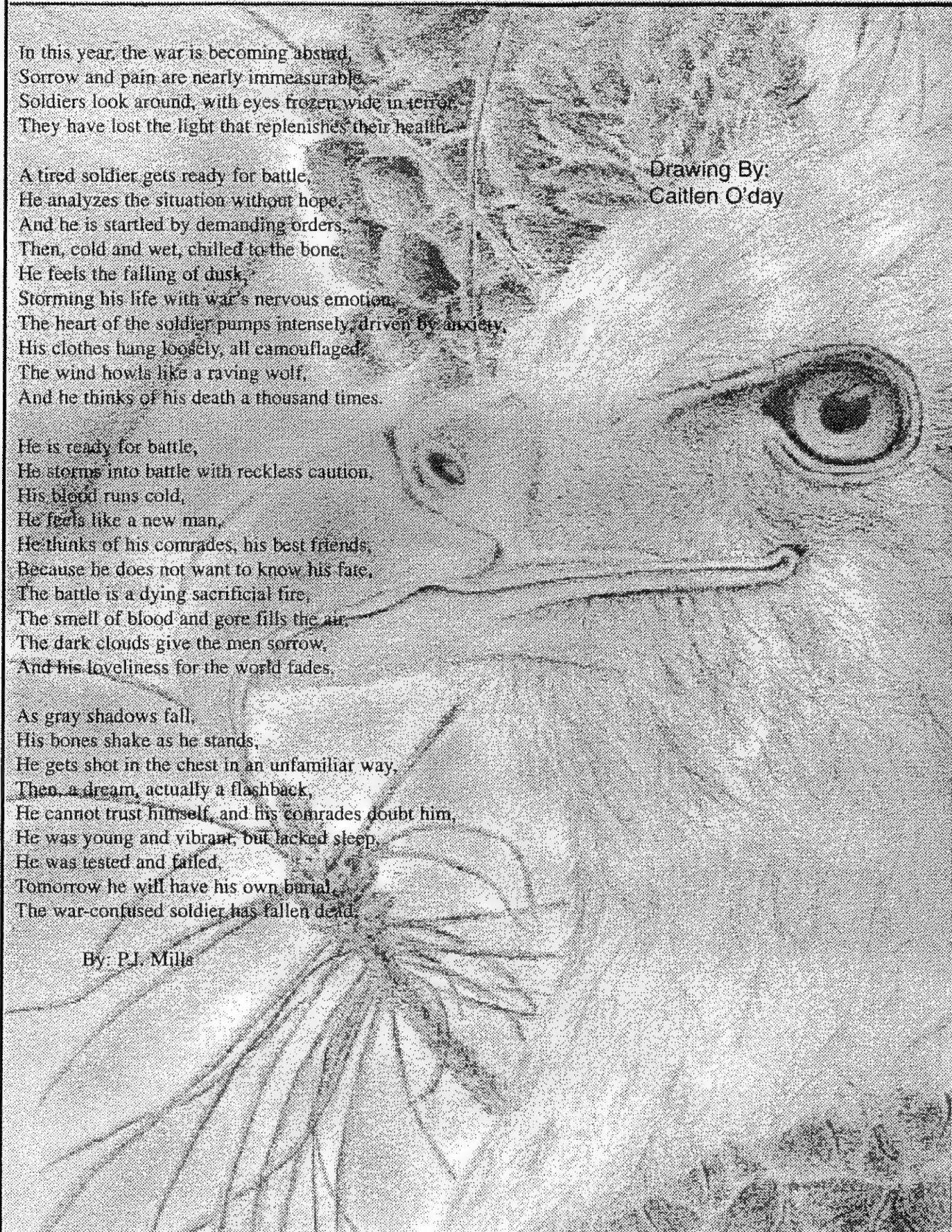
Participate in the fun days; even the fun during the school days; wear funny clothes, have fun with your friends; do not get too distracted, you still have to do homework and study for tests; hopefully teachers do not give any tests, that is against school spirit; did you go to the parade to show your school spirit? *No, I was in it on the class float.* That is good; Try to be involved and be on a float; If you are not in the parade go, watch, and get some candy; listen to the band play the cadences and the fight song; go to the pep aud to see the crowning of the homecoming king and queen where the band plays their rock tunes for the halftime show; on Friday, go to the game where the band plays the fight song every time the Lancers score, which should be often; did you memorize the fight song for advisory? Decorate your door for advisory and even if you do not win, you participated in the festivity; but the biggest festivities is the dance on Saturday night, make sure you go with some friends and have fun; do not forget to buy your ticket during lunch or you will not be able to get in; make sure to eat a good lunch or you might have to buy a sandwich at the game, and you might miss a touchdown; so stay in the stands, cheer loud, and participate and you will have a happy homecoming.



## The Idiot's Guide For Cats

By Angel Nicholson

Please use the litter box, I don't want to clean up after you; don't use the furniture as a scratching post, I'd rather the furniture stay nice; don't use my legs as a scratching post either, it hurts! Keep your claws inside your paws when you're playing with me because that hurts too; don't climb the curtains, those should be kept nice also; don't chew on any books, papers or cardboard boxes, it's not good for you; if you want something to eat, eat your cat food or flies, we don't need any flies around here; I'd like you to cuddle up with me when I want you to, there are times I get really lonely; be nice to any and all company that comes around, because they won't anymore if they realize you're a killer cat; don't bite me too hard when we're playing together, it's not nice; be playful and lovable, for everyone loves a playful and lovable cat; clean yourself thoroughly and neatly, you need to look nice and soft; let me comb you when I feel like it, it gives me great satisfaction to do it, and I know you enjoy it too; don't climb on the countertops, we don't need fur in our food; keep the dishrags on the edge of the sink, because then they'll get dirty and you'll get in trouble, and they won't like you; stay away from the tankful of fish, they don't like you that way; don't terrorize any other animals for that matter, it's bad and inhumane, but you're not human, so I don't know what the right word should be; don't drink the water from the fish tank! It's nasty and dirty and not healthy for you; don't go fishing; 'MEOW!' Don't talk back to me! It's not nice and I'm not the one that deserves it! Follow all my orders, because they're all mine, therefore all right; be nice to everyone and every animal; please don't upchuck on the furniture; it's messy and leaves a very visible stain! Don't throw up on my bedroom floor, it stinks and I hate cleaning up after you; don't hurl on my bed, I don't want to sleep in it, because that's nasty! And if you insist on biting me (which you shouldn't be in the first place), then bite other people friendly-like, not just me; and please follow these, because they are all you need to know.



In this year, the war is becoming absurd,  
Sorrow and pain are nearly immeasurable.  
Soldiers look around, with eyes frozen wide in terror.  
They have lost the light that replenishes their health.

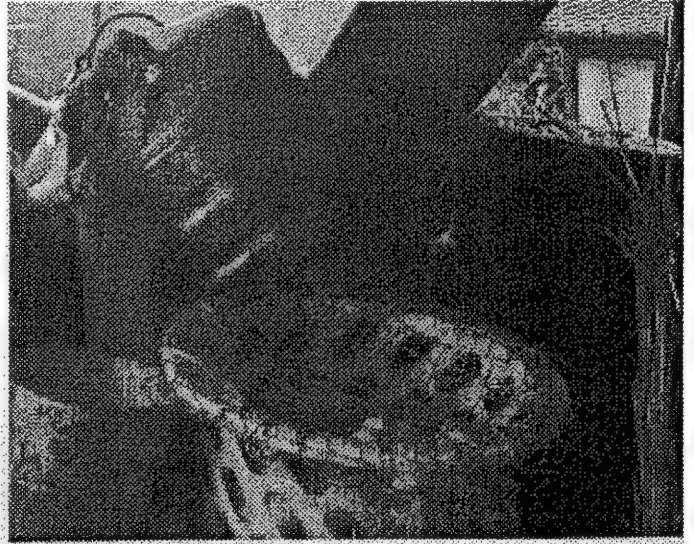
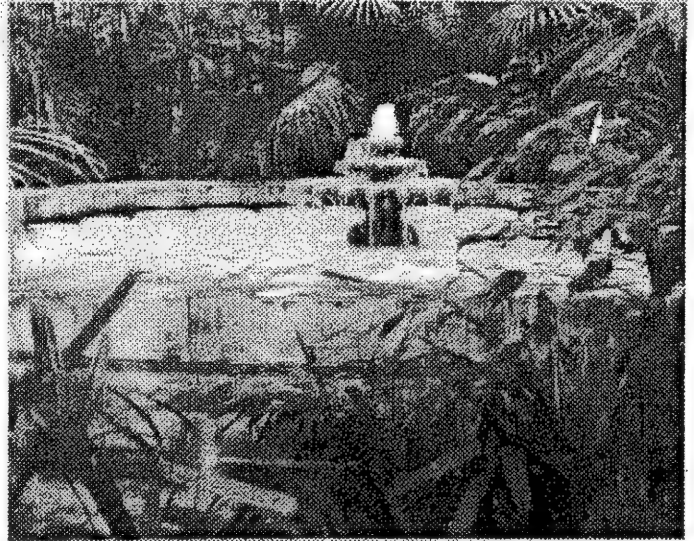
A tired soldier gets ready for battle,  
He analyzes the situation without hope,  
And he is startled by demanding orders.  
Then, cold and wet, chilled to the bone,  
He feels the falling of dusk,  
Storming his life with war's nervous emotion.  
The heart of the soldier pumps intensely, driven by anxiety,  
His clothes hang loosely, all camouflaged.  
The wind howls like a raving wolf,  
And he thinks of his death a thousand times.

Drawing By:  
Caitlen O'day

He is ready for battle,  
He storms into battle with reckless caution.  
His blood runs cold,  
He feels like a new man,  
He thinks of his comrades, his best friends,  
Because he does not want to know his fate,  
The battle is a dying sacrificial fire,  
The smell of blood and gore fills the air.  
The dark clouds give the men sorrow,  
And his loveliness for the world fades.

As gray shadows fall,  
His bones shake as he stands,  
He gets shot in the chest in an unfamiliar way,  
Then, a dream, actually a flashback,  
He cannot trust himself, and his comrades doubt him,  
He was young and vibrant, but lacked sleep,  
He was tested and failed,  
Tomorrow he will have his own burial,  
The war-confused soldier has fallen dead.

By: P.J. Mills



photos by: Kathy Mixdorf

Missing Someone You Love...

By: Sally Moenck 9<sup>th</sup> Grade

The sorrow builds up inside,  
You can't just set your emotions aside.

All you do is let the sadness rain out,  
It's all you ever think about.

You don't really know what to do,  
Everyday, it's a feeling so new.

Sometimes it's hard to stop crying,  
All day is spent sighing.

The loneliness feeling never goes away,  
And everyday I keep stopping to say...

I Miss Him in Every Way!

One Mighty Stand

Passion is a Wild Jungle City  
That lives inside the marrow inside the bone  
It pounds and pumps the wild exotic flavors  
Of the Sweetest, lowest, fruits of satisfaction  
It gushes and fills your nose and  
Closes your eyes and lifts your body

Passion is a city of Arms and Legs and Faces  
Each coated in the red crushed ginger and  
Twisted orange peels, it breaths and feels  
Like tightly coiled springs or a Red smile against  
your skin.

By: Alicia Hendrix

The Stalker

I'm waiting for you to  
Smile at me the smile  
That waits in the corners  
Of my mouth- Poised

I'm waiting for you to  
Say to me the words  
That wait deep in my  
Tongue- Perfect

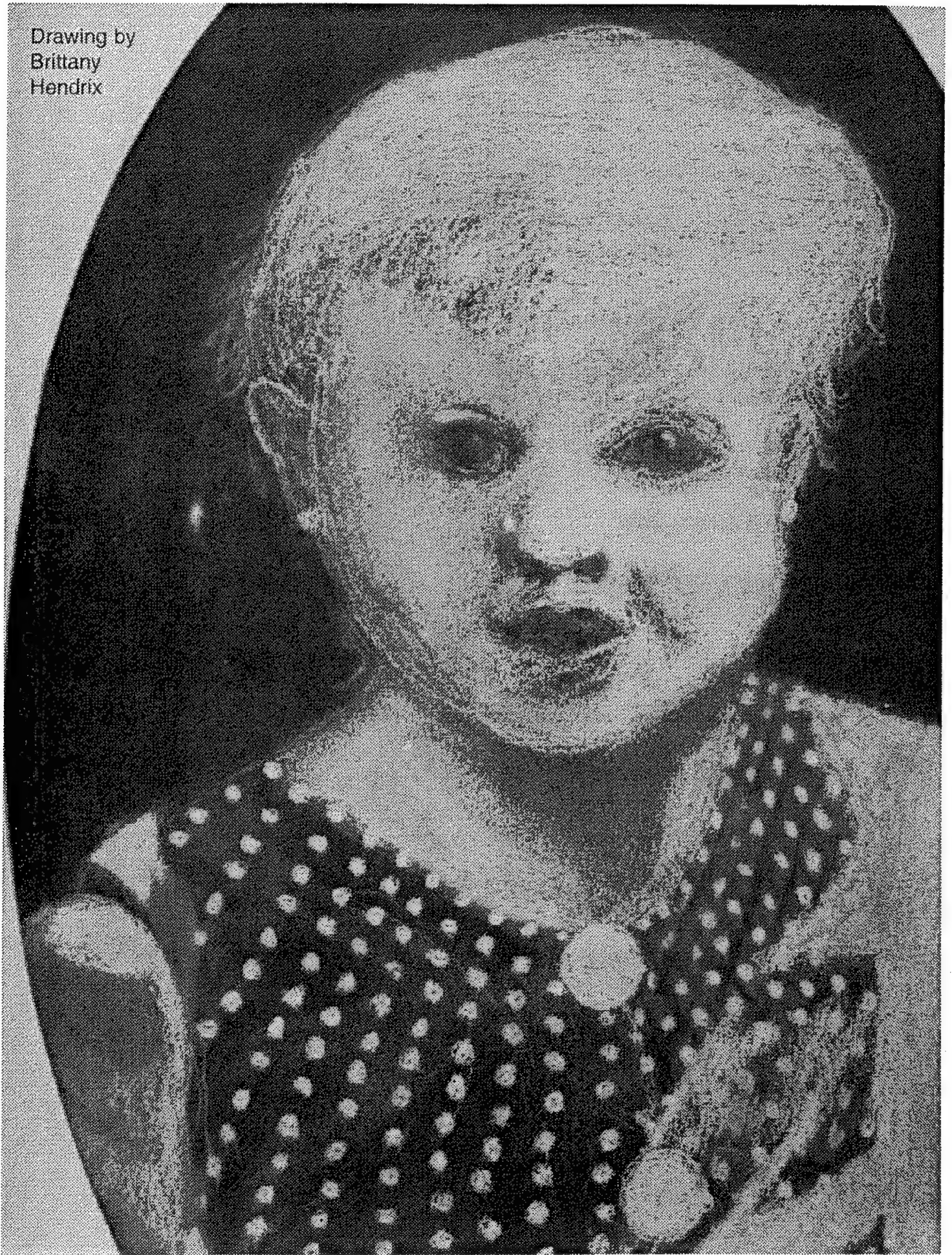
I'm waiting for you to  
Look at me the look  
That waits and smolders  
In my retinas- Passion

I'm waiting for you to  
To give me the touch that  
Waits on my fingers- Smooth

I'm waiting for you.

By: Alicia Hendrix

Drawing by  
Brittany  
Hendrix



Brittany Hendrix

The Sisters Handbook

Don't pull your sisters hair, she'll only pull it harder; my hair fell down I need a hair band; she stole my hairband! Don't steal your sisters clothes; it's not my turn to wash the clothes; wash always with cold water; make sure to put the soap on first; of course I know how much soap to use; don't leave the cap off your sister's special shower soap; don't leave your sister's shower scrunchy on the floor; it's your turn to vacuum the floor; it's always your turn to give a hug; hugs turn a frown upside down! *Ahhh you're breathing on me*; Don't breath on your sister while giving hugs and snuggles; it's always acceptable to snuggle in your sister's bed after a bad dream; she always steals the blankets! How did my blanket end up in your bed? You already took all the blankets you can't have my pillow; give me back my pillow or I'll smite you with the little lumpy one; don't throw that pillow at me; pillow fight!

You can't wear my shoes your feet are two sizes bigger; she stretched out my shoes; those shoes don't match your outfit; nobody asked you if I matched; do you have the match for a red seven; no sevens go fish; don't take your sister fishing if she doesn't like bugs; Squish all eight legged bugs before your sister sees them; you squish it; I'm not squishing it; Dad!

If your sister can't find her glasses help her look, she is blind without them; she will never find me in the pantry; how did you find me? You always hid in the pantry; get the cake mix from the pantry; crack the eggs into the cake mix not on the counter; I wanted to crack one of the eggs; make eggs for sister in the morning, without them she will starve until lunch; I lost my lunch card; he he I stole her lunch card; make a card to go with your sister's birthday present; all birthday presents must have ribbons; psst, what did you get me for my birthday?

Don't cry little sister its just chemistry homework; I don't want to do my French homework; psst. I have the French homework done; don't speak Spanish in French class; I can't help you with Spanish homework; no hablo espanol; did I spell that wrong; why am I always wrong; I think you were wrong; you were wrong; yes you were; no you were right; I was right I win; how come I always lose at Clue; you have to have a clue to win; hey that wasn't nice I had a clue, I'd eliminated Colonel Mustard; I don't like mustard; Don't let your sister make squash pie with mustard crust; Always pretend you like your sister's cooking, even if you know your French toast is better; bribing your sister with French toast is acceptable; hey I'm more than acceptable I'm absolutely fabulous; if you're fabulous then what does that make me; hmm... cough; don't cough at me, I know what that means; Your sister can read your brainwaves she knows what you mean; she knows when you're sleeping; she knows when you're awake; she knows if you've been bad or good... stop singing Christmas songs! Feliz navidad Feliz navidad; that reminds me I have Spanish homework; wasn't it written on your hand that you had homework; I forgot to look at my hand; it looks like I wrote doom... ohh no that says band lesson; I have to finish all this homework before band! Do you think my teacher will believe that my sister ate my homework? Never say that your sister ate your homework.

A Poem written by  
Shari Huber

A poem about a sweaty toothed madman  
Based on a scene in "Dead Poet's Society"

I see Him.  
The malnourished human being lurking around my street corner  
The crisp fall air is testing His limits  
His breath visible through the chalky air  
His strength dwindling under the harsh conditions  
Curled up in a blanket, I watch Him from my window  
My pity towards His cause grows stronger with sight  
As the creature shivers, hungry and cold

S l o w l y, I creep down the stairs and move out my front door  
Into the sharp brisk air  
As I approach, He cowers away,  
He mumbles, "Little girl.... go.... away..."  
"Do not be afraid," I kindly say  
But with no response He simply turns away  
Away  
Away  
A w a y

I cannot bear to see Him suffer  
However His appearance may be, He does not deserve this destitute  
All but a soundless silence separates us  
Without a second thought I take the blanket from my shoulders

S l o w l y and apprehensively, I place the blanket on His shoulders  
Expecting Him to respond to my actions, I nervously take a step back  
The gruesome figure merely rotates His skeletal body to face me

Our eyes lock, for but a moment,  
A n d t h e n...  
He turns, and hobbles back down the street...  
Away  
Away  
A w a y



Aaron Schroder

Snowfall

On a cold, bleak morning, on a calm day  
Near the fire amongst these warm flames I sit  
I watch the flames sway from left to right  
I see snow as I look upon the blossoming moon in the  
sky through the frosty window  
And think how can I sit by the fire while there's beauty  
outside  
One white road led into a white snowy wood  
As I walk towards the woods, the snow begins to fly  
High ho, sing high ho! In towards the snowy wood  
While I begin to walk in the wood  
On the long snowy night  
Swift flakes of snow float quickly on the wind  
Snowflakes begin to dance at the beginning of the setting  
sun  
As they crossed the night sky like they are riding on a  
telegraph wire  
While round and round the snow banks the flurries are  
thrown

Drawing by: Blair Perin

### My Accidental Idol

My role model has spent her entire life by my side, singing annoying songs which punish my ears (and get stuck in my head). Her renditions of Annie's "Toooooomorrow, Tomorrow, I love ya' Tomorrow" have driven me up the wall and embarrassed me in public. Her spontaneous tap dances or tangos have frustrated, and near maimed me. Her endless sweater theft has left me cold, and with nothing to wear. And her love and creativity has left me inspired. My sister, Brittany, taught me to make life enjoyable.

When we were small, every time we did something bad (which was often) my mother's punishment would be to make us clean the house. Every time Brittany would simply take up a washcloth, put a dolie on her head, and magically turn into Cinderella or the maid for the president. Each game we invented taught me creativity and gave me a tremendous enthusiasm for adventure. The games and pranks we played as children taught me to appreciate life's lemons and make spectacular lemonade.

Britty taught me how to be brave. My sister loves the theater and has performed in every production our school has ever performed. I always come to watch her play the esteemed roles of "Alto Chorus Girl" or "Extra #5." Every time I watch her I am reminded to be proud of who I am and to face life with the nerve that she faces *pirouettes* and *jazz hands*.

Taking care of my sister has taught me how to be a good friend and to protect the ones I love. I learned to love the tango even if it means I lose a little dignity (and possibly a toe). I learned how to be prepared for what life can throw at me, because even the sourest lemons make freckles disappear. But most of all I've learned to hide my favorite sweaters from my shifty little sister.

By: Alicia Hendrix

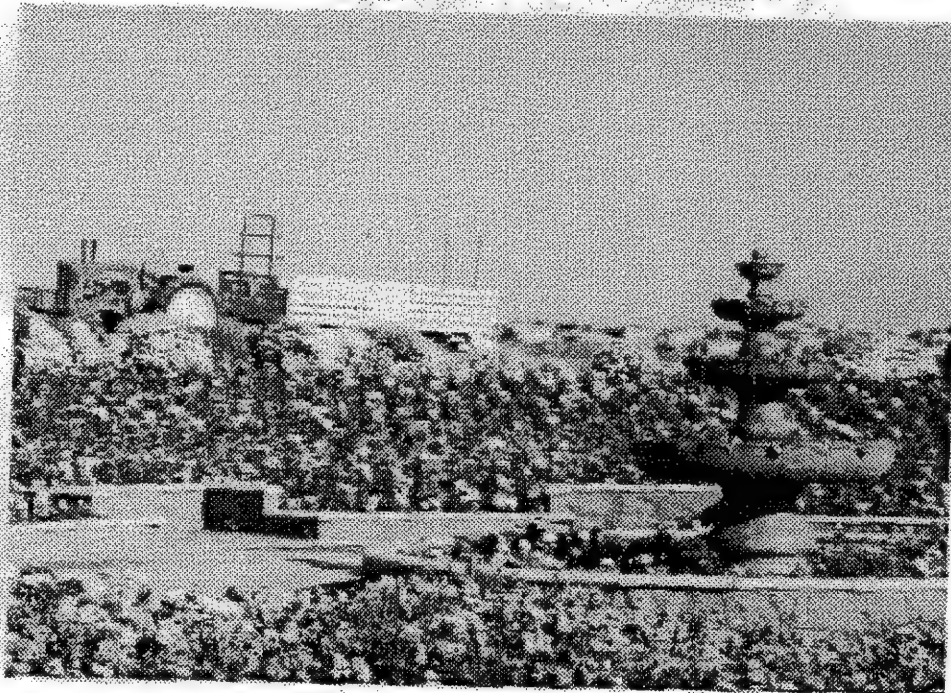


Photo by : April Schmoe

Photos by  
Kathy Mixdorf

**Tainted Purity**

Shalee Anderson

It seems my time for weakness has finally arrived  
Pouring from my soul, from the past where it was derived  
Tears unmercifully flow down my cheeks  
I no longer wait for the moist streaks

However, I do not revel at the release  
But rather, strangely wish it to cease  
No more can I be placed on a pedestal for all  
But am laid bare as I fall

Tremors course through as shame is upon my face  
Transgressions are finally unveiled, my fall from grace  
Unable to call God's name upon my disgusting lips  
Knowing I deserve to rot for my slips

**Failure**

Shalee Anderson

The weak soul has succumbed to sin  
No longer untainted by its sharpened claw  
Crippled by sadness and despair  
Hope no longer crossing its path

The buried hatred and pain pours out  
No longer contained within  
The festered sores finally ooze out  
Drowning in its transgression, sinking deeper

Heaven turns eyes away from the saddening sight  
Leaving it to its own failing devices  
The soul mourns the wasted blood meant to save it  
Knowing the soul could never be washed clean



**The Fading Stars**  
**Carly Russell**

Remember the stars when they fade away,  
For there's nothing quieter in the sky.  
Remember the Stars when they fade away,  
Yellow in their soft gleaming lights.  
A sky to fill and a planet to surround,  
Their personalities dazzling the dark.  
I am glad nightlong for their twinkling lights,  
But out from nowhere, the sun appears on the horizon.  
It speeds rapidly towards the night sky,  
Sucking the stars into its arms.

**The Pages**

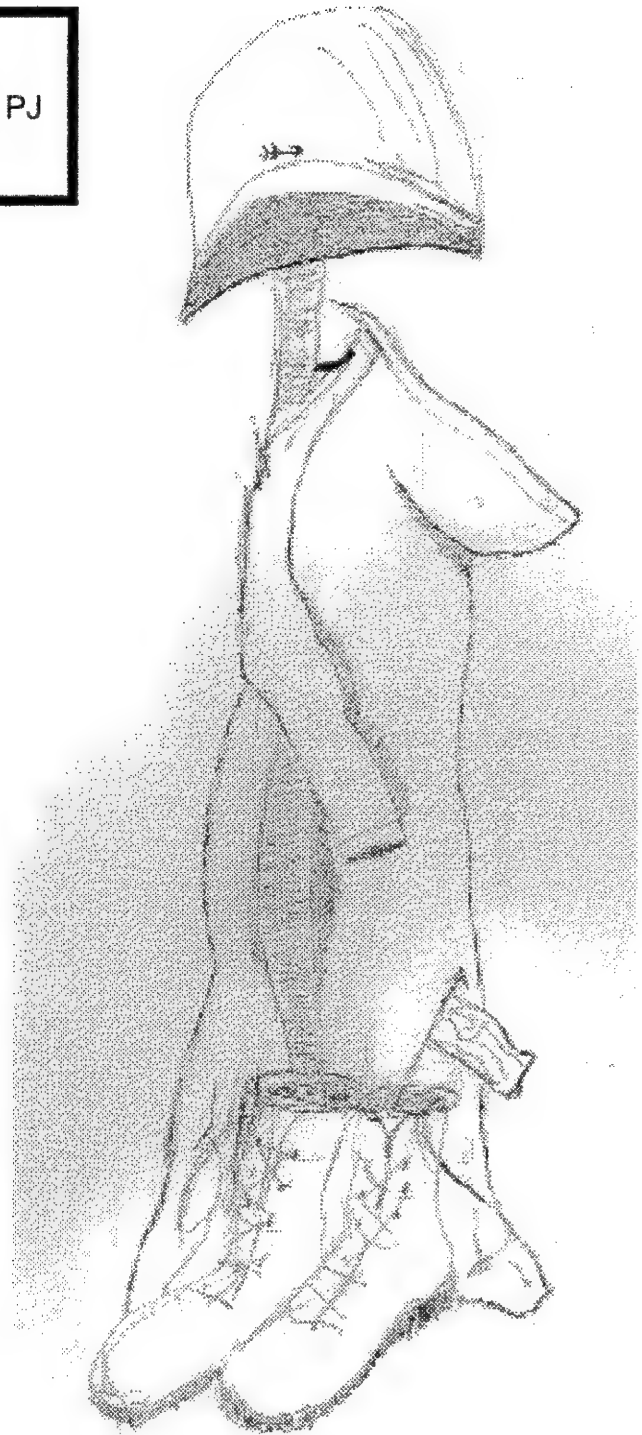
I slide into furrows hollow and laugh in the wakes of the winds.  
I ride on sparrows' backs and dance in people's heads.  
I fly with grace uncommon to respite in abandoned care.  
I make my home in Angels nests surrounded in silken hooties bold.  
I've wrestled on scales of serpent legs and whispered prayers to Gods.  
I've kissed the necks of tattletales and raced in golden knolls.  
I've slept in God's white whiskers and danced on Satan's horns.  
I've journeyed the world wide on rodents' backs, over seas and oceans cold.  
I've commanded great Spartan armies on marches through strange lands untold.  
I've kissed the lips of dead men and bitten the toes of sods.  
I've bedded down with queens and feasted with the mob.  
I've tattooed scripture on servants' necks in pinking morse codes.  
I've lived one million years and paid one million tolls.  
I've seen one million faces and loved one million souls.  
By: Alicia Hendrix



Drawing By: Megan Wulf

His jersey  
black with silver,  
#8 on the back sewn to-  
gether with perfect precision,  
All his muscular features with pride  
step to the plate. The baseball, glowing bright  
comes sailing towards him, Then the twing  
of the bat sounds. To the west my eyes  
are thrown, While the little ball  
rolls in the grass, Loving  
the feeling he's  
safe at first  
Then,  
The player  
steals second and  
is about ready to steal third,  
Once there, he decides to go for it all.  
Friends, family, and teammates close by yell, With  
fire in his eyes, the Raging Knight stands, wiping the dust  
and sand out of his eyes. "He's safe," replies the  
umpire, close by shouting, Now the opposing  
fans are silent, The game ends, The  
coach and his team gone, A  
natural fire returns to  
the player's  
eyes  
It's an  
early Saturday  
morning, their faces set  
for game-day, I sit back in a blue  
foldable chair, And smile when I see the  
player. He nods back to me when we catch eyes.  
Playing baseball, the game begins, I can  
see the game going back and forth,  
Then, stepping to the plate,  
A helmet upon his  
head comes  
#8.  
The early  
morning darkness  
fades to light, He arises  
from his bed of many colors,  
Among these colors, the lights of a  
June morn'. Once dressed, he climbs into his  
father's truck, His dad speeds up a little, some cars fall  
behind, others keep up. Right on their tail, those  
that keep up are other parents. Cornstalks  
are green and low to the ground,  
And trees shine brightly with  
different shades of green,  
It is almost time for  
warm-up.

Baseball  
Poem and  
Drawing by: PJ  
Mills



## What is Love?

Drawing by: Aliceson Lamont

Love, a wonderful thing, can be defined in many ways. I will define what love is beyond the sparkling fireworks and swept off your feet feelings; I will embark on the difficult task of defining what love really means to people today and how the emotions it unleashes can affect everyone.

## The Origin of Love

The word love, also known as causes many problems, comes from the Latin origin, as many English words do and basically means: you're miserable with or without it. The feeling of love has been compared to many illnesses and diseases for centuries; well, the symptoms it causes can be compared to many diseases. Therefore, the side effects of love include: lumping of the throat, dizziness, fainting, stomach butterflies and temporary loss of speaking ability. However, these symptoms usually result in the best time of a person's life.

## Love: Expect the Unexpected

We all fall in love for different reasons and at different times. It often takes time to fall in love with that special someone; then again, some believe in love at first sight. But most often, love catches us by surprise. Sometimes, it's the guy you see everyday at the deli counter or the person that saved you from a runaway train, but either way there may always be a reason for why two people fall in love. The feelings that love can evoke are tremendous. All of a sudden you're hit with this rush of excitement and passion and maybe even worry. And you wonder why I say worry, but most times people are not used to having so many feelings for one person that they have no idea what to do. They want it to last forever, yet they worry that it may be too good to be true and will be taken away in an instant. You never know when it might happen or who it may be, but in the end, it's all worthwhile.

## What Love IS NOT and What Love IS

Love is not boastful or jealous; so basically the whole dating and married population is not in love because, come on, who doesn't get jealous? You see your man/woman looking at the cute waitress/waiter walk by, eyeing them up and down and we're not going to be jealous? But, oh well. I guess if we truly love someone, we will learn not to be jealous because by then we should know they want to be with us and only us. Love is also not a form of defense; "Well he said he loved me so he couldn't have cheated on me!" or "I'm so sorry I left you, I truly did love you." Love is not a word to be abused and used aimlessly, although, this is often the case these days. Love is not a word teens should even have in their vocabulary, because they know nothing of love, because they must experience it. Teens feel that "well, I love videogames and junk food and my partner is just as good as that"; as you see, teens are not mature enough to deal with love; love is not immature. Love is not a fancy dinner dish, animal or the latest trend. Love is not a knitted sweater from grandma to be put in a box, on a shelf, or in the closet. Instead, love is a counterpart to laying on a blanket on a cool summer night with someone next to you, looking up at the stars and sharing your deepest secrets and feelings. Love goes well with ice cream and a walk in the park. Love is a best-selling novel and the Emmy award winning movie. Love can be compared to a good chick flick at your friend's house while eating buckets of Ben & Jerry's double chocolate brownie fudge, dancing the night away to your favorite songs in the middle of the street. Love is driving off into the sunset with no map or specific destination, being carefree and letting the wind blow in your hair.

In simplest terms, love is a four letter word. When spoken, it can induce laughter, pleasure, pain, anger, and virtually any wave of reaction. Love evokes many emotions that no one dares or even tries to explain; you purely must experience it to believe all the happiness it can bring. Lives have been lost, begun and changed because of an effortless, one syllable word: LOVE.

Kylie Gottschalk

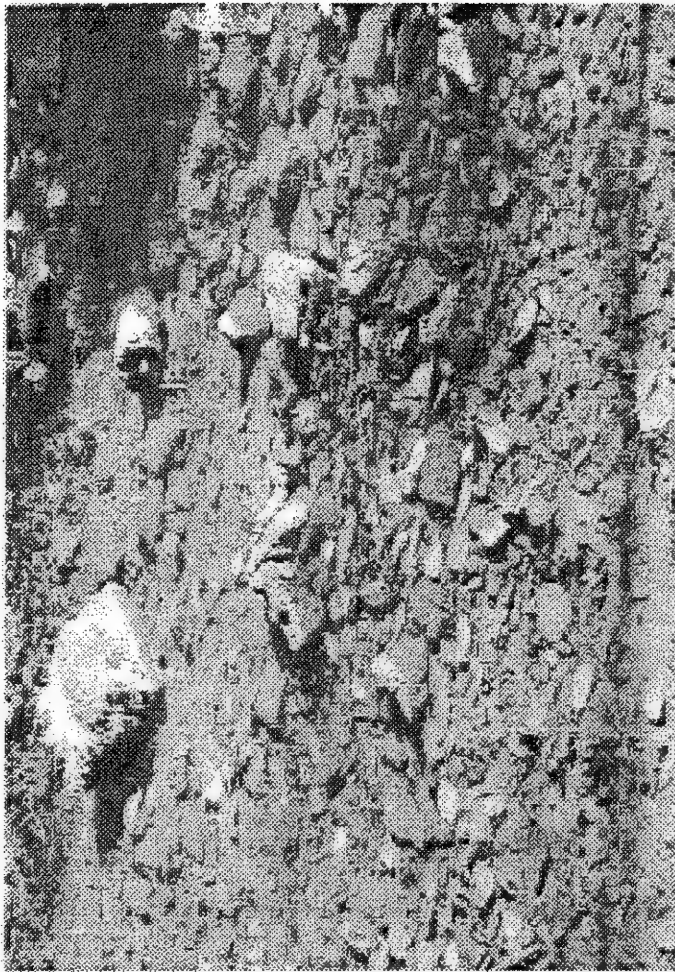


Photo by: Kathy  
Mixdorf



## Advice to Cubs Fans

by Robby Blazejewski

Expect the worst, you won't be disappointed; the game is full of disappointment; Cubs score a lot of runs, the opponent scores more; Cubs play good, opponent plays better; expect the unexpected; sometimes just believe; expect not to win, don't expect to lose; don't wait all day for tickets because they will be hard to get; there are also upsides to being a Cubs fan; walking out to Wrigley Field is a wonderful sight; remember the good times; don't remember the bad; don't let little things get you down; don't let big things get you down; always stay positive; don't expect the best; being a Cubs fan can be confusing; we assume the worst; they do well; we assume the opposite when we are losing; this is how you pretend you don't care; this is how you show you care; this is how you defend your team; this is how you know when to stop; this is how you prepare for the game; this is how you prepare for the playoffs; this is how you prepare for the World Series; this is how you prepare for World Champions; this is how you act after a big loss; this is how you act after a big win; this is how you show emotion; this is how you hide it; this is how you show dedication and heart; this is how you don't; this is how to bully a Cardinals fan; this is how a Cardinals fan bullies you; this is how to make good of a Cubs game; this is how to believe; this is how to be friends with a Cardinals fan; this is how to tell if a person is a Cardinals fan; this is how to tell if they are a Cubs fan; this is a win you want; this is a win you don't want; this is how to tell true fans from pretend fans; don't stoop down to your opponent's level; do take the high road; don't put your whole

heart into them;  
do remember it's  
just a game;  
always believe.



photo by  
Greg Daniels

## Advice to Basketball Players

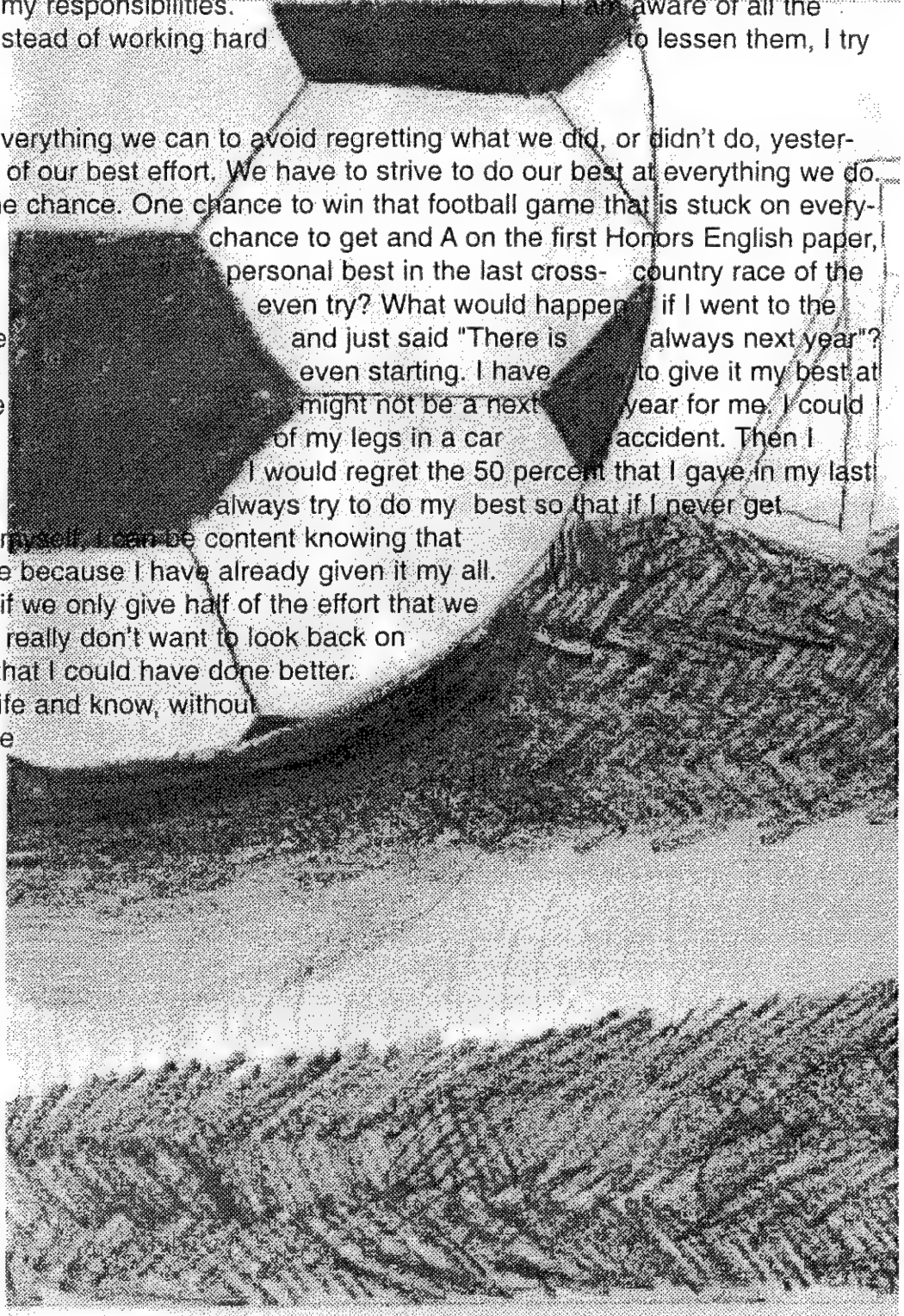
When you wake up think about the day ahead. Concentrate on what you need to improve on. Try your best and get good grades so you can be eligible to play for your team. To be eligible for the team don't get in any fights so your team doesn't have to run during practice. Stay in shape and exercise so when you do have to run you won't get tired as fast. Make sure you get plenty of rest so you can always stay focused. Before the game, don't goof off with your teammates otherwise you will not be able to concentrate during the game. Don't get discouraged if you do not do well because there is always that next practice where you can prove yourself to the coach. Always treat coach with respect because he is just trying to make you a better player. Treat your parents with respect because they are the ones who have to take you to practice and they are always there supporting you. Have your parents drive you to the gym in the off season so you can improve your game. Improve your shot because you will never know when you will have the pressure to make the winning shot. Work on your post move even if you are short because you never know when you will have a mismatch. Work on your ball handling so when you are forced to take the ball up you can do it with confidence. Keep your confidence up otherwise your teammates will lose faith in you. If your teammates don't do their best then your team will not win. If your team does not win then you will not go to the state championship. If you don't go to the state championship then you cannot win a state title for your school. If you don't win a state title for your school then you won't be as recognized. If you're not as recognized then colleges will not give you scholarship offers. If you don't get scholarship offers then you will have to pay for college. If you have to pay for college then you will have bank loans to pay off so that means you will need a job. If you need a job then that means you can't play basketball anymore. That's O.K. because you don't have to play basketball your entire life.

By: Justin Lane

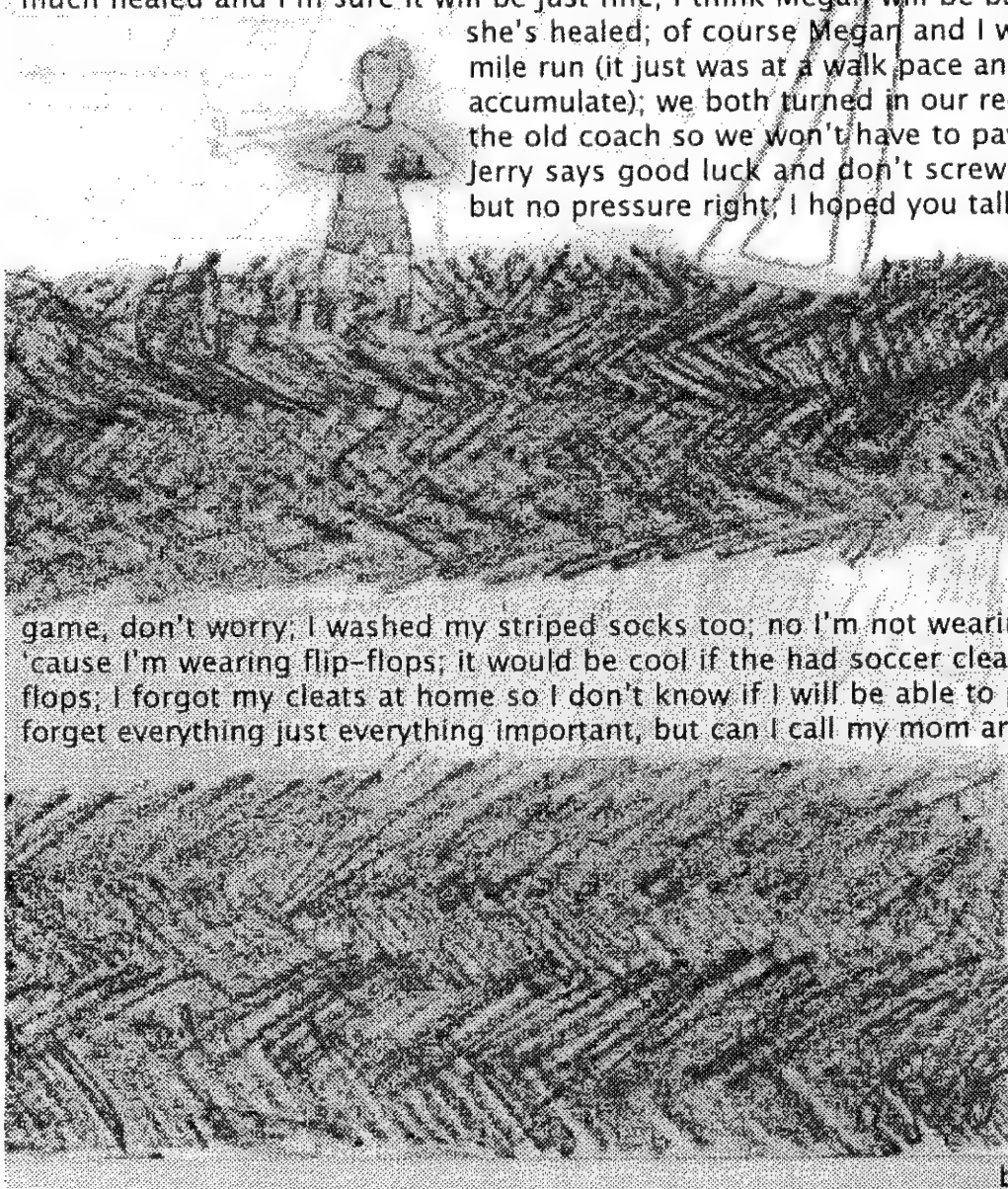
## 100 Percent By Tova Hettinger

Sometimes I get lazy and tired and I just want to do nothing. I avoid my homework, "forget" to practice my clarinet, and sometimes I don't even study for tests. I go to school the next day and hate myself for blowing off my responsibilities. I am aware of all the pressures in my life and, instead of working hard to lessen them, I try to avoid them all together.

In life, we must do everything we can to avoid regretting what we did, or didn't do, yesterday. We can't just give half of our best effort. We have to strive to do our best at everything we do. Sometimes, we only get one chance. One chance to win that football game that is stuck on everybody's mind, one chance to get and A on the first Honors English paper, one chance to get a personal best in the last cross-country race of the season. What if I don't even try? What would happen if I went to the very last cross-country race and just said "There is always next year"? I would be giving up before even starting. I have to give it my best at that moment because there might not be a next year for me. I could die tomorrow or lose both of my legs in a car accident. Then I would never fulfill my goal. I would regret the 50 percent that I gave in my last cross-country race. I will always try to do my best so that if I never get another chance to redeem myself, I can be content knowing that I don't need another chance because I have already given it my all. Life will let us get by, even if we only give half of the effort that we are capable of giving. But I really don't want to look back on my life in shame, knowing that I could have done better. I want to look back on my life and know, without a doubt, that I lived all those moments to the best of my ability.



Advice for you soccer coach  
Poem and drawing by Alicia Rus



Hi there coach, I'm ready for the game; this is quite an important game so I will try my hardest; I will try to score some goals but I can't make any promises; don't forget that you promised a candy bar to every goal we make; I like any candy bar with chocolate, but not ones with nuts; please don't get all crazy and go nuts on us during the game when we do something wrong; I don't expect we'll do something wrong, but in the off chance we do please keep your cool; you're a cool, hip, and practically in style young guy, so you understand that during a game if my hair gets messed up I must stop fix it; please stop with the nicknames they just aren't cool; nicknames are ok as long as they make sense, so nothing like buckeye, dude, sport, or kid will be just fine; don't worry my ankle is pretty much healed and I'm sure it will be just fine; I think Megan will be back because now she's healed; of course Megan and I went on our required 6 mile run (it just was at a walk pace and took several days to accumulate); we both turned in our required equipment to the old coach so we won't have to pay a fee; our old coach Jerry says good luck and don't screw up or you'll be fired, but no pressure right; I hoped you talked to the soccer board about our parade float and how it needs more nails and screws otherwise it will fall in the rain its not hard to play soccer in the rain, actually its fun and muddy; I remembered to wash my muddy uniform from the last game, don't worry; I washed my striped socks too; no I'm not wearing socks right now 'cause I'm wearing flip-flops; it would be cool if the had soccer cleats in the form of flip-flops; I forgot my cleats at home so I don't know if I will be able to play today; I don't forget everything just everything important, but can I call my mom and tell her to bring them; my mom said she would bring them up here; she is coming to watch the game, she comes to all my games; and she goes to my little brothers too; you're his coach right? So you should make him run more; he says he likes to run but I don't buy it; my mom told him she wasn't going to buy him new cletta until the season started and he threw a fit; maybe you should work with his goalie skills 'cause he can't throw the ball to midfield and I think that it's necessary for a goalie to be able to do that; I think that mid-field is a good place to start off playing today for me; I can play forward later; no I'm not telling you what I can and can't do; I'm just telling you what you ought to play me.

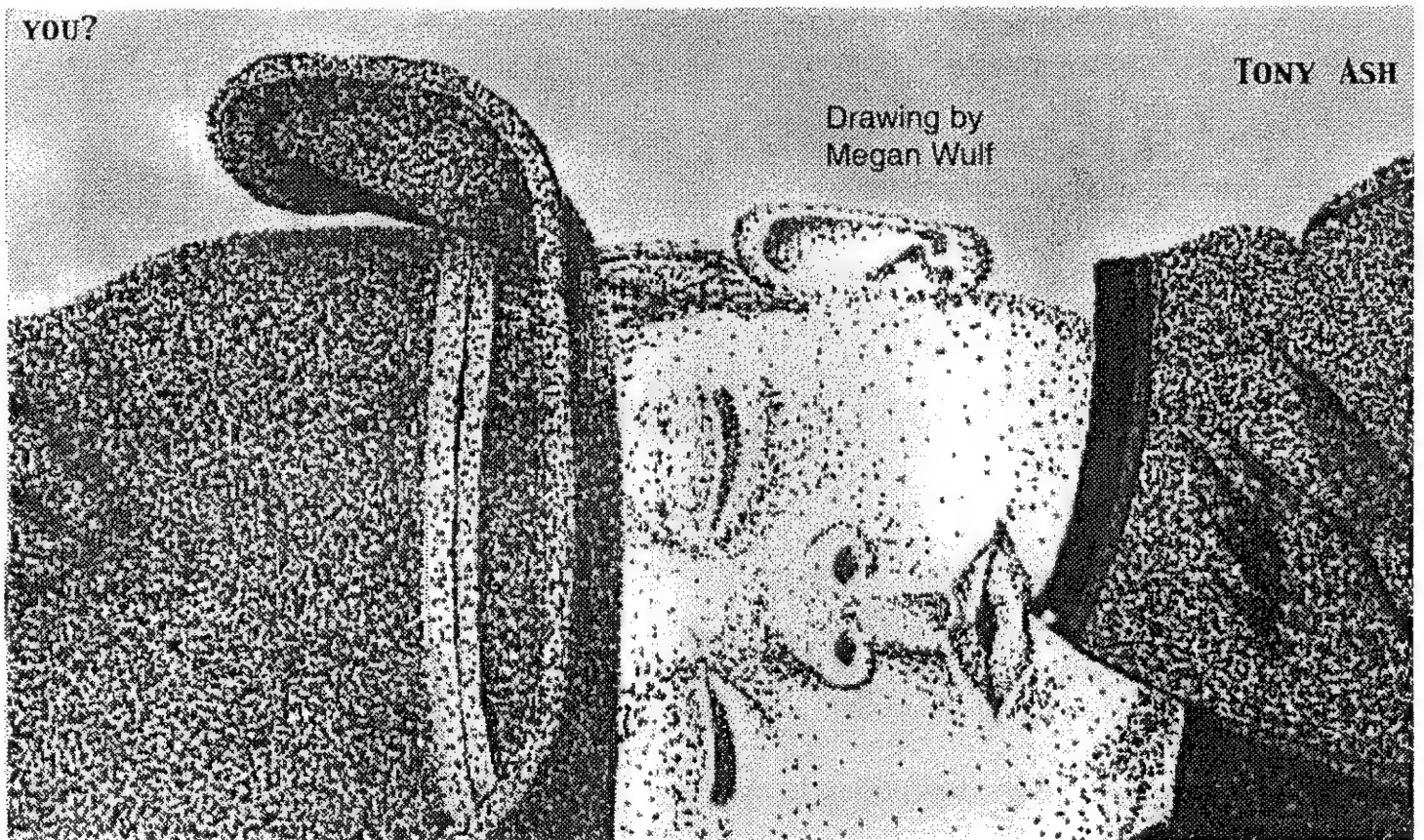
# Keeping Mother Happy

by Sheri Huber

Clean my room-wash my face- brush my teeth; Do as your mother says; You must always keep your mother happy; She knows what goes in this house; Never roll your eyes at her- She will scold you for your disrespect; as for sarcastic remarks, those are a definite no-no; Never talk back for a fight will arouse; Never anger her enough to drag father in too; He is much stronger and far too powerful; Your punishment will be far worse if he gets involved; He did play football in high school- what time is the game this week; Are you going to the game?; What time should we get there, and when does the band play; Mother never goes to football games; it's far too cold for her; Never turn up the air conditioning without asking first; If mother is cold, she is miserable and the rest of us must pay the price; to put mother in a good mood turn on the fireplace- she enjoys the warmth it brings; don't ever leave the garage door open- mother believes mice will wander into the house if we leave the garage door open; when was the last time I cleaned the gerbil's cage; mother hates it when I forget to do that; oh, never forget to turn off the light when you leave a room; mother wishes to save all the money she can; maybe we will get more for Christmas this year, how long until Christmas?; If you want to make mother happy turn on the Christmas lights; She loves the holiday season will people be coming over?; never give mother short notice as to when company is coming over; she likes to have food prepared and a clean house; never have cloths laying on the floor- put them in your hamper- when mother asks for them downstairs do not forget or you will have no clean cloths for the week; when mother sets a load of clean laundry on the table- she does not mean it for a centerpiece, but for it to be folded; never walk up the step without picking up your laundry; never leave a wet towel on the floor- this truly aggravates her; the towel will make the carpet wet and mold could grow; how does mold grow?; what do I have for the chemistry homework tonight; never leave your homework till the last minute- mother hates to be rushed; whenever mother is in a hurry- she will need four items- keys to drive- purse for money and the driver's license- sunglasses for the glare and to keep dust and wind from her contacts- Pepsi, her necessary beverage of choice; always rinse the milk jug when you finish it; never set it by the sink for her to do; always go to the basement for another gallon of milk when you finish it; never leave the fridge milk- less; If you take the last granola bar- don't leave the box in the pantry; fold it up and put it in the recycling; but first check for a box top; mother enjoys collecting box tops; they help her save money; what is on the television tonight; what time does American Idol start; Don't ever change the channel when mother is watching HGTV; you might get the television taken from you...trust me- I know!; never wear shoes in the house; always take them off before entering the house; mother hates cleaning up dirty floors; At night always close the blinds- mother enjoys her privacy... uh oh there is the garage door, mother is home; quick!- take the chips out of the living room!; the easiest way to upset mother is to eat in the living room... but- she will never know...

## THE WAY A LITTLE BOY SHOULD ACT

LITTLE BOYS WILL NEVER BE LAZY, DON'T BE LAZY; I SAY THIS BECAUSE IF LITTLE BOYS ARE LAZY THEN THEY WILL NOT WANT TO DO THEIR CHORES; ALSO WHEN LITTLE BOYS WORK ON THEIR CHORES, DO THEM RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, OTHERWISE YOU WILL HAVE TO GO BACK AND RE-DO THEM; DOING THINGS WRONG WILL RESULT IN FAILURE, SO ALWAYS TRY YOUR BEST; THOUGH DON'T BE HARD ON YOURSELF, YOU ARE ONLY HUMAN; IF YOU DO THESE THINGS CORRECTLY THEN YOU WILL NOT BECOME THE HILLBILLY THAT YOU ARE SO INTENT TO BECOME; DON'T BE HARD ON OTHERS, AND TREAT THEM WITH RESPECT; AND WHEN SAYING THIS DON'T BE HARD ON LITTLE GIRLS, OR GIRLS OVERALL, THEY HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS OF THEIR OWN; DON'T KID LIKE I JUST DID, SOME PEOPLE WILL TAKE OFFENSE, AND LITTLE GIRLS DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM; PLEASE NEVER BE OUT OF CONTROL; AND DON'T BECOME THE HILLBILLY THAT YOU ARE SO INTENT TO BECOME; ALWAYS LOOK YOUR BEST, *BUT I DO TRY TO LOOK MY BEST-* YOU WILL HAVE TO TRY TO LOOK BETTER THAN YOU THINK; OTHERS WILL LOOK AT YOU, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE A HILLBILLY; SOMETIMES LITTLER KIDS WILL LOOK AT YOU AND IMITATE YOUR ACTIONS, SO TRY TO ACT APPROPRIATE; ACTING APPROPRIATE MEANS HAVING FUN WITH YOUR LIFE AND DON'T THINK THAT THE WHOLE WORLD IS STARING DOWN AT YOU; WHEN I TELL YOU ALL OF THIS, I EXPECT YOU TO LISTEN, BECAUSE THAT BECOMES A NECESSITY IN THE FUTURE; ALWAYS TALK TO PEOPLE AND LISTEN TO THEM, AND LOOK THEM IN THE EYES SO THEY KNOW, IF YOU DO THIS AND IF YOU FOLLOW THESE STANDARDS THEN YOU WON'T BECOME THE HILLBILLY THAT YOU ARE SO INTENT TO BE; SO WHEN YOU GO TO YOUR FIRST TENNIS PRACTICE TODAY, I WANT YOU TO TRY YOUR BEST AND ACT APPROPRIATE; *BUT WHAT IF THEY THINK THAT I AM NOT GOOD?* How is that possible if you follow all of the things that I have told you?



The Analogy by Alicia Hendrix

I remember a time when I was just floating, without any burdens to bind me.  
Just floating a pool with no ladders, not even swimming, just floating  
Peacefully in the chaos around.

I remember a time when I was just floating and a chain was thrown 'round my feet  
A golden chain marked Loyalty, then another marked Love, and another marked  
Achievement, 'till they were strung from every limb of my body.

I remember a time when I was just treading. Just treading in a pool with no ladders, not even  
swimming, just treading.

I remember a time when I was just treading and a rock marked Expectation caught in  
My chains, soon another marked Responsibility and another marked Acceptance, 'till all  
My chains were snagged

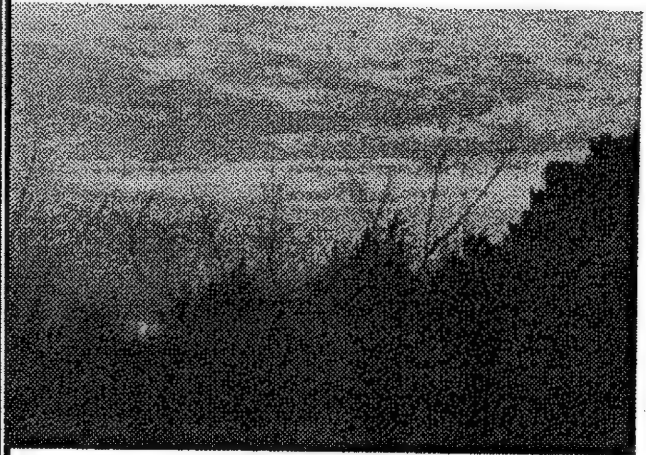
I remember a time when I was just swimming. Just swimming a pool with no ladders.

I remember a time when I was just swimming and I was pulled under by an anchor of  
Reserve, then another of Pride and another of Judgement, 'till the water rushed over  
My head.

I remember a time when I was struggling. Struggling in a pool with no ladders.

**Weapons: the Mace**  
**by Cecilia Grove**  
As time goes on  
An age comes and is past.  
As life changes  
And the clouds are half-mast.  
We go on,  
Never seeing 'til it's too late-  
Our own failure,  
What is there to debate.

This world we see-  
Tossed and turned  
By the mighty waves,  
That have frozen and burned  
Costing us our beliefs,  
And showing mercy and grace-  
We thought our right  
Now turned our greatest mace.



## Control

There is a word placed exactly above her reach.  
She prays for inches, but is not growing taller,  
Everyday that she measures, she gets the same answer.  
Surviving on love, her body is lifeless.  
Her tattered mind remembers,  
That she carries a shameful secret in her pocket  
She is very familiar with the task she is about to accomplish  
She weeps with each movement  
As she occupies four linoleum tiles  
She fears an unexpected knock  
Or a bathroom door she'd forgotten to lock  
She spills herself onto her porcelain escape  
And her throat tears with each heartbreak  
Once again, she avoids the mess  
Leaving it to stain as a dull color on her dress  
Surviving on love, her body is lifeless  
She sweeps her damaged body underneath the rug,  
In hopes that no one will notice  
What she has destroyed  
Until it is too late  
A house she has locked herself in  
Left to deteriorate  
A house that is unable to be rebuilt  
Because it is too worn  
A bridge with a weak structure  
Caught inside of a storm  
Swinging, Swaying  
With burning desire to be carried by the wind  
Her body is a dreadful sight  
Now that she has flushed her feelings  
For every regrettable bite  
Surviving on love, her body is lifeless

Oakley Morrow

And Yet So Far by Alicia Hendrix

I walked along an empty school,  
And through an empty hall,  
Until I came upon,

An Empty White Room,  
With rows and rows of empty desks,  
That never used to be.

Instead they had stood rounded  
'Gainst purpled artist's walls,  
Housing bright young voices.  
And their fevored, echoed, calls.  
Inspired from one thousand tales,  
Of Heros' rise and falls.

No, it was never truly gone,  
Until I chanced upon,  
An empty room  
Along an empty hall

**Where the Angels Live**  
**Shari Huber**

**I wish this didn't happen  
I wonder why this is so  
Why did God take him from me?  
Did he really have to go?**

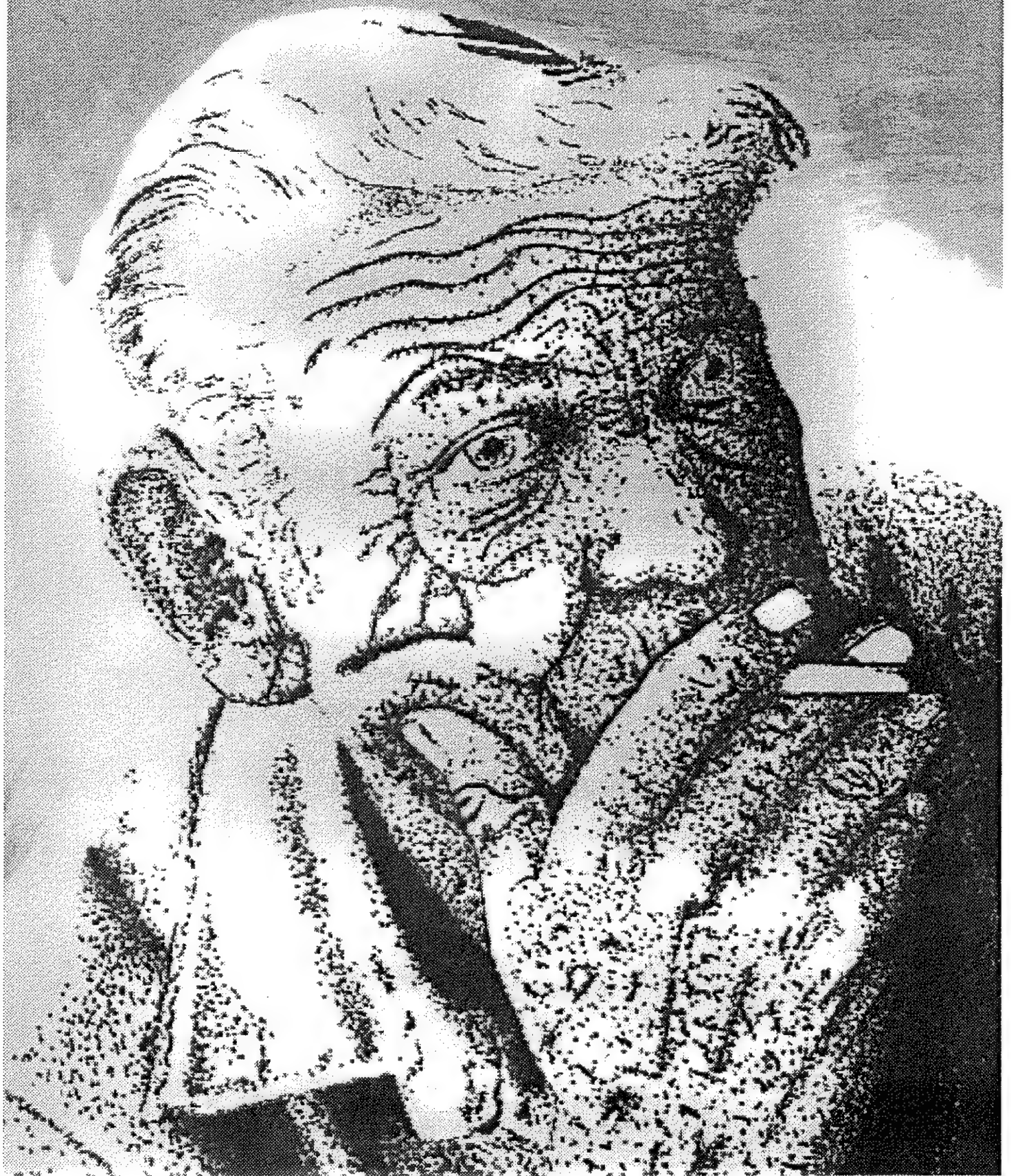
**I don't believe in what they tell me  
About why he had to die  
They tell me he lives in another place  
High in the sky**

**But then why doesn't he visit me?  
Because I miss him so much  
All I have are memories  
But nothing I can touch**

**They tell me to be proud  
Because daddy was so very brave  
But he lost his own battle  
And ended up in a grave**

**I wish it didn't have to be him  
And he didn't go away  
Because he would still be here  
Living with me today**

Drawing by  
Alison Lamont



## Grandpa's Stories

### by Stephanie Merrick

Every Thanksgiving, my mom's side of the family gathers at Grandma and Grandpa Wilson's house for a tasty home-made feast. I love seeing all of my family together, including my aunt and uncle and my two cousins back from college. The table is always filled with delicious food as well as entertaining conversations and stories. Grandpa can always share with us an exciting and enjoyable story from his childhood. This year, after I mentioned ice skating with my friends, he told us a skating story of his own.

"I used to love ice-skating as a child. We lived in Arnold's Park, which is close to lake Minnewashta and Lake Okaboji in the northwestern corner of Iowa. My friends and I first took an axe and chopped the ice to make sure it was thick enough for us to skate on. Then we laced up our skates and glided around Lake Minnewashta on the slick, but sturdy ice.

"My first year back from college for Thanksgiving back, my friend Richard and I decided to go ice-skating together. It was a bitter, blustery day out, but he assured me that the ice was thick and safe to skate on. Sure enough, when we stepped onto the frozen lake, it held our weight and did not break.

"As we enjoyed the calm lake and the wind howling through the trees we decided to explore under a bridge that connected Lake Minnewashta to Upper Gar. Richard took the lead as we proceeded toward the bridge. Suddenly, I heard a terrible crack and saw the ice begin to break underneath him but there was nothing I could do except fall into the freezing, unforgiving water that also awaited me.

"As we fell into the swirling, black water, I quickly thought to fall in on my stomach so that it would take longer for me to sink. My thick army fatigues and a suede coat sucked up water like a dry sponge, but I somehow managed to stay above the surface, Richard rapidly began trying to break the thin ice to find a solid place to climb out of the water. People always say to take off your skates when the ice breaks but there was no time for that. I was doing all I could not to sink, and there was no way I could reach down and untie my skates.

"Finally, after what seemed like hours, Richard made his way onto frozen ice, and I immediately followed. We laid there on the hard ice replaying the events in our minds, thanking God for saving our lives.

"At last, we staggered to the shore, both shaken and shivering with chills. The wind raged and howled all around us; we both knew it would be a long walk home. We began the trek, but luckily, another friend happened to be driving along near by the road and welcomed us into his warm, cozy car.

"Although falling through the ice did shake me up, I continued to skate on Lake Minnewashta, and probably under the bridge many times after that. I now realize how lucky I was to survive the fall, and still remember the icy water that chilled me to the bone almost 60 years ago."

We listened with intense amazement at the story my grandpa showed with us. I have heard of people falling through ice but I never expected my grandpa to have experienced it. I love listening to his stories and will always remember this one to tell my children and grandchildren.

## An Ant's Picnic

I came upon the grassy clearing and saw  
A checkered blanket with an open basket and  
A seated couple, oblivious to their surroundings.

I raised my head and gazed intently.  
After I dropped my load, I hurried home  
□ Brothers, before the food disappears  
We must live and take part in the feast. □  
That I said, and I motioned for them to come.

We headed back towards the surplus of food.  
As we trudged, the heat of the day surrounded us.  
We approached the site slowly, as we were unsure.

The whole day we labored and  
We proved ourselves from our strength and team-  
work.

We feasted on the pomegranates, peaches, and pick-  
les.

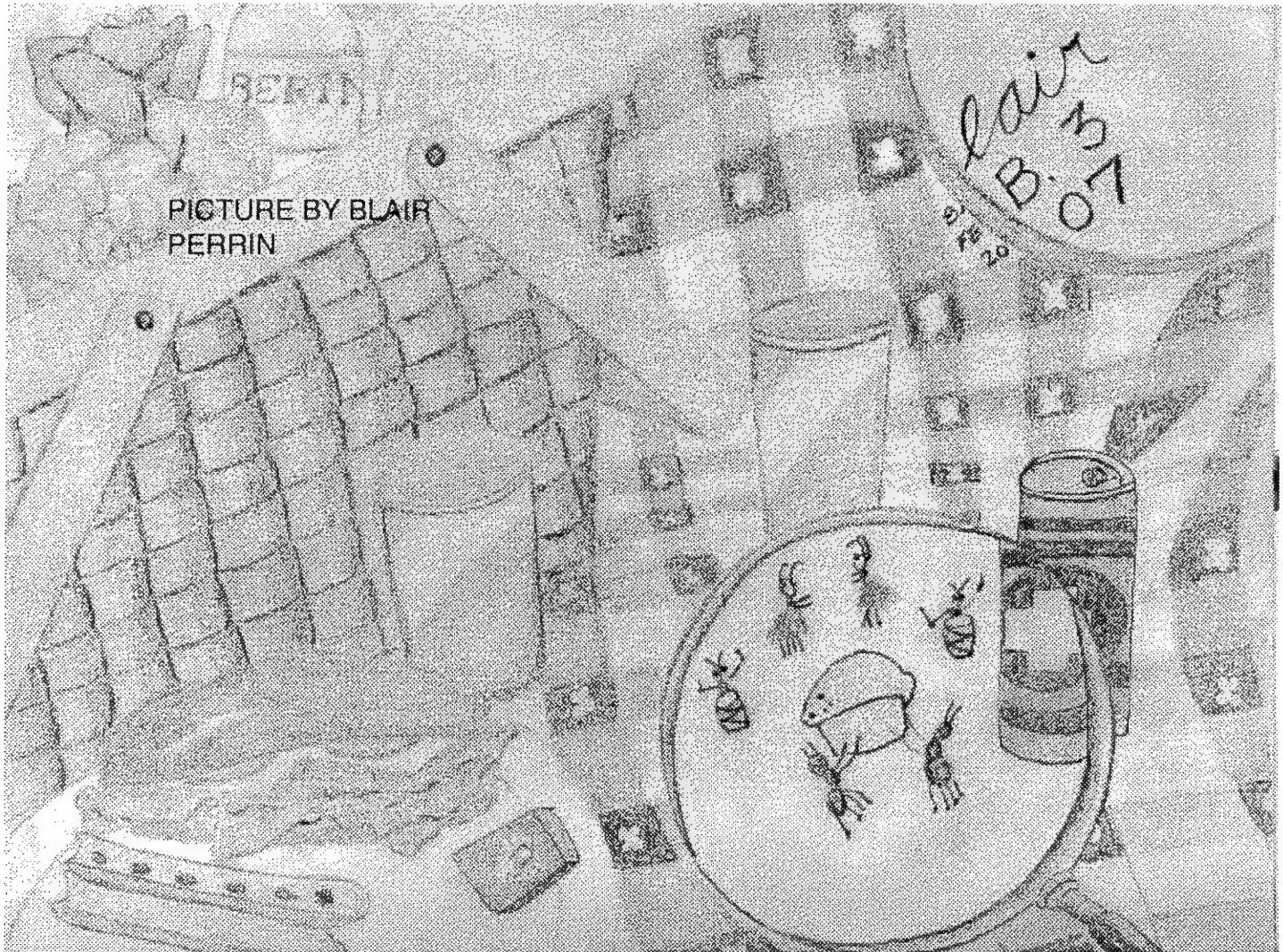
She noticed us from the tiny trail we left.  
Her face expressed shock and disgust as  
Her swatting hand mimicked her shrill tone.  
She shrieked, □ The bugs offend me!  
The food is not theirs to share. □

We were guilty, so we deserted the remains.  
We ignored our starved bellies and our large num-  
ber.

And although the heat was uncomfortable,  
An abrupt silence seemed to cool the air.

So we departed as quickly as comets  
And we traveled on to find the next ant picnic.

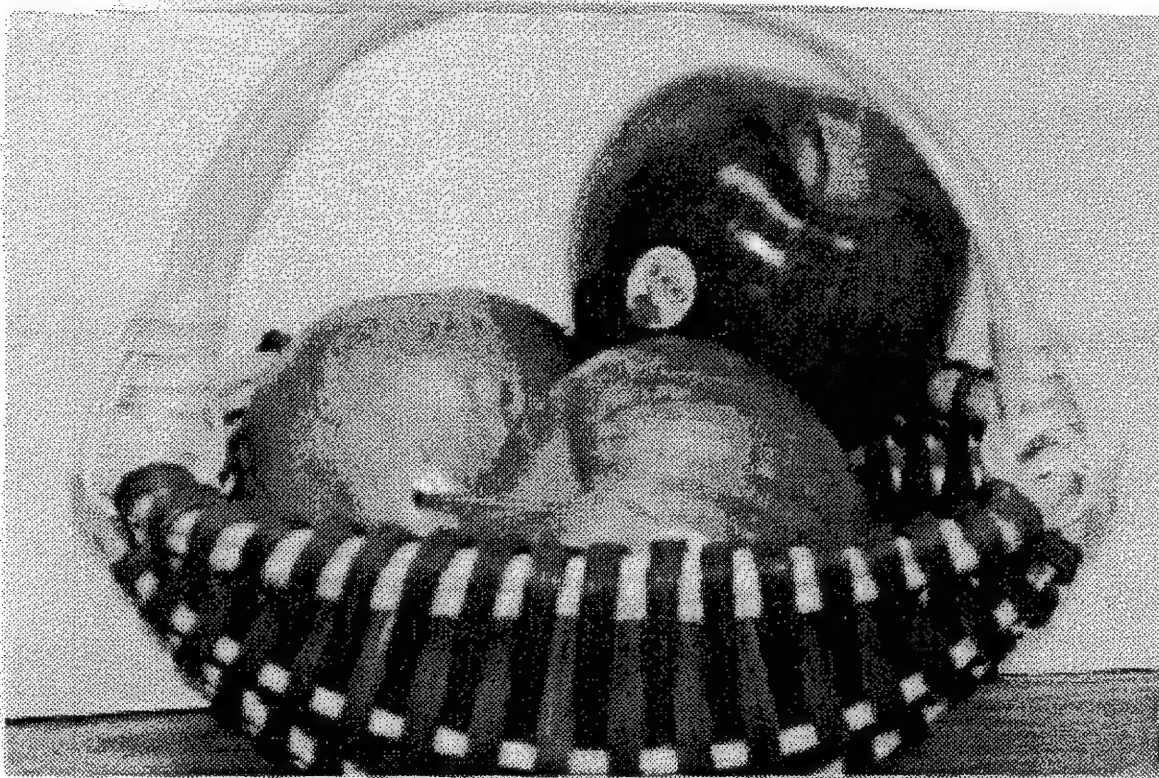
Haliee Gehrls



## Advice for Trick-or-Treating

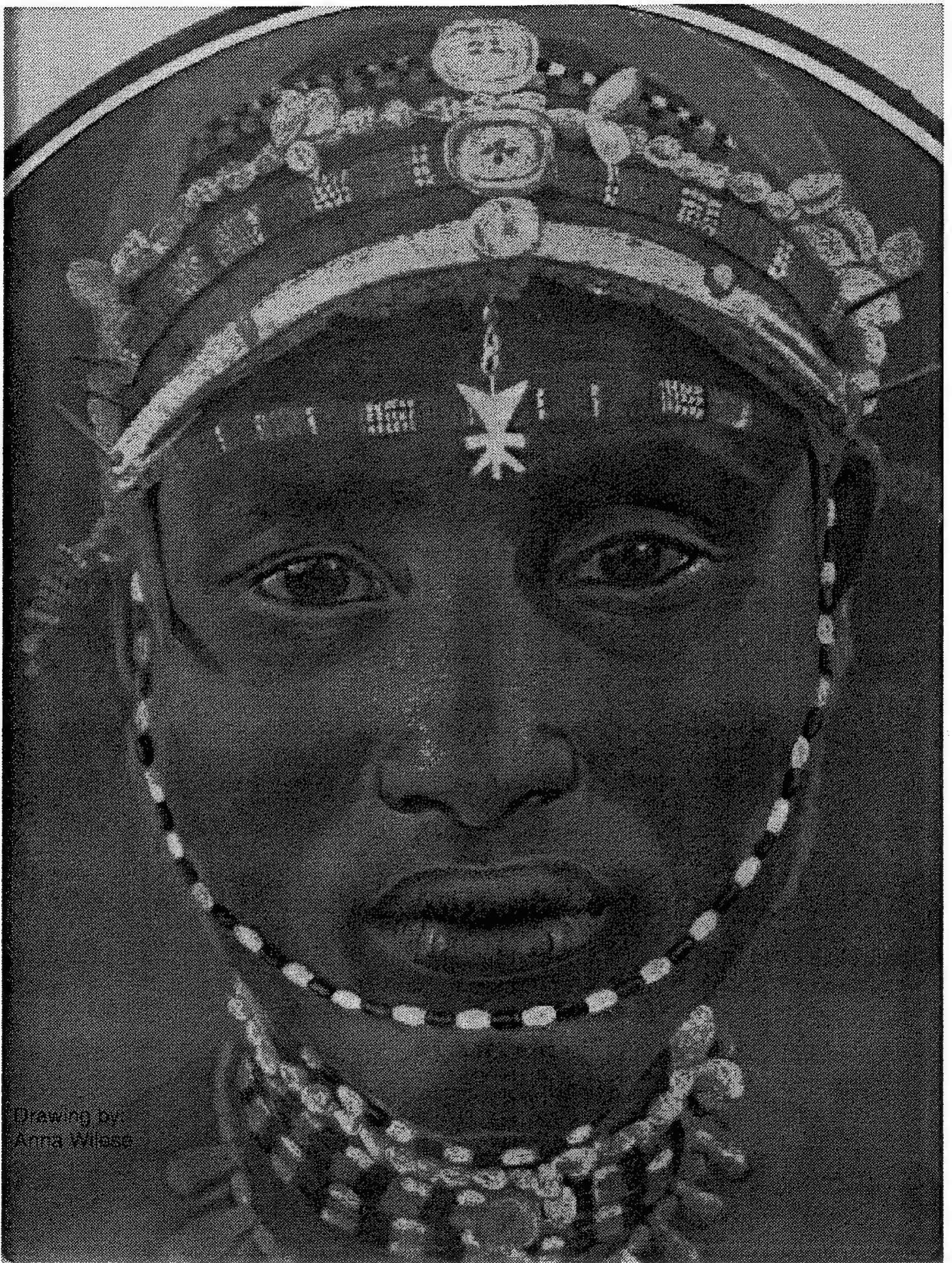
It's Halloween night; go out and have a blast, it only happens once a year; remember, it doesn't matter what age you are, young or old; trick-or-treating is for everyone; get dressed up, take your time and do it right, cause you got all night; once you're ready run house to house, start early, go late; get all the candy possible; get so much that it lasts till next Halloween; make sure your parents don't find it though; hide it all under your bed and eat a little bit of it every night, not a lot just a little bit; once you've hit up all the houses you can see, run home, change outfits, and hit them all again; it doesn't matter; when you're out and about trick-or-treating remember how old you are; young 'uns are good to go but if you're older, you have to have some pickup lines to pick up the candy, or maybe a good ol' puppy face for grandma down the street; just remember this simple line: "Trick-or-treat, smell my feet, give me somethin' good to eat, if you don't, I don't care, I'll pull down your underwear = )"; remember to have fun; what kind of kid doesn't like candy?

Greg Daniels



The world survives on clear and consistent faces, giant seas of omnipotent face cover each body's soul. The face is the cap of all life where all movement and thought is born. The soul slithers down through the feet from the nostrils and nose, and so does it split the soul on one side. One side and one soul for each eye. Eyes are like doors that rattle when closed, flicking, flicking, flicking, right side, left side with the heart, the fluid pumping organ that lives in the eyes or the sleeves. Everyone's soul resides in their faces and eyes. The soul peeks through winking shades, like a sunrise tide, to glow in eternal salute. The quality of the shine reflects the deed of the hands and mouth, for the mouth and the hand are the same. With limping wrists and seeking tongues, we build empires and artistry's, that sit with cumbersome burden on men's wrinkled brows. The entire world lays on the foreheads of its residence in the morning, and sleeps on their necks at night, when thought races between the ears and the mouth and the eyes. All love comes from the eyes, all intensity comes from the soul, all love and all lust in sandy brown hair and thickly built thighs. And eyes, love for eyes that don't see, but hands can feel. One side for each hand, and one side for each soul.

By: Alicia Hendrix



Drawing by  
Anna Wilase

Michelle Paulus

## A Match Made at Monmouth

It started out as a normal conversation between my mother and me, but it turned out to be a story of love, fear, and commitment between two young lovers. As my mother started to bake her famous pecan pie, she began to remember her younger days when everything was simple and time was plentiful. She told me stories of when she got in trouble, of when she got lost, and many stories about my father and herself. On a particularly brisk, November night she remembered a story that has always been impossible to forget, even as the years leave her and her memories fade. As we both waited for the pie to bake, she settled onto a big, empty Igloo cooler while I sat on the floor in front of the warm dishwasher. I waited a long moment as I watched her deep brown eyes slowly begin to shine and her intense stare become distant. As she began to speak, her eyes began to sparkle with remembrance of that unforgettable night.

"It was a typical fall night in Illinois, the air brisk and welcoming at the same time. The trees were full of leaves of every color and were beginning to become bare. The year was 1981 and I was the head resident of my dorm at Monmouth College in Monmouth, Illinois. Everyday Don, my boyfriend, would come over after he got off work from Prairie Farms in Canton. He had dropped out of college and was now working to take care of all his living expenses. He was the most handsome man that I had laid eyes on, but he was stubborn as an ox. Nevertheless, I knew that he was the one man that I wanted to grow old and have a family with.

That night, when Don came over around seven after he got off work, he was exhausted. He wore a long sleeved button-up shirt, but had the sleeves rolled up from working all day. I, on the other hand, wore my most comfortable black sweat pants and a blue school sweatshirt to match. I had a lot of homework, so I left him to fall asleep while I continued to write essays. As I looked wearily at the clock, I noticed it was ten and I told myself at ten forty-five I would wake Don up, because visiting hours were over at eleven. Under all my exhaustion I too fell asleep, and woke up around one in the morning. I was scared of how I was going to get Don out without anyone noticing that the head resident had broken the rules. I woke Don up and explained the situation. He sleepily thought of a solution, for what seemed like an eternity, then sluggishly said, "Why can't I just go out the front door?"

I had thought about the front door myself, but decided against it when I heard a large crowd of girls gossiping very loudly in the lobby outside my door. I worried about what the girls would think about their head resident having a boy in the dorm after hours so I replied, "That is not going to work. There are some very loud and highly caffeinated girls outside who are bound to notice you."

"So?"

"So, that option is out. If I get caught I could get into serious trouble."

"Fine, so what other ways out are there?"

"I don't know, I'm thinking."

After a long, intense period of silence a unique plan captured my attention. I broke the stillness by looking into Don's bright green eyes and said, "Do you trust me?"

"Of course. What are you thinking?"

I walked over to the west window and looked down. Below, a line of shrubbery lay along with a bedding of wood chips. Don immediately caught onto my thought. His only question was, "How long of a drop?"

"Well, we are only on the first story. I am guessing around fifteen to twenty feet."

Without a word we silently took the screen off and dropped it to the hard ground below us. As Don checked the drop, he suddenly laughed and said, "You are terrible with distances. That drop is definitely only ten feet tops."

Next thing I knew, he came over to me gave me a kiss, and before I could react he had already jumped. I ran to the window and began searching the bushes to see if he had broken every bone in his body. I found him trying to get out of a bush that looked like it might have had thorns in it. I heard him cussing quietly and then he grabbed the screen and passed it up to me. As I grabbed the screen I heard him whisper,

'Maybe, the drop was fifteen feet.'

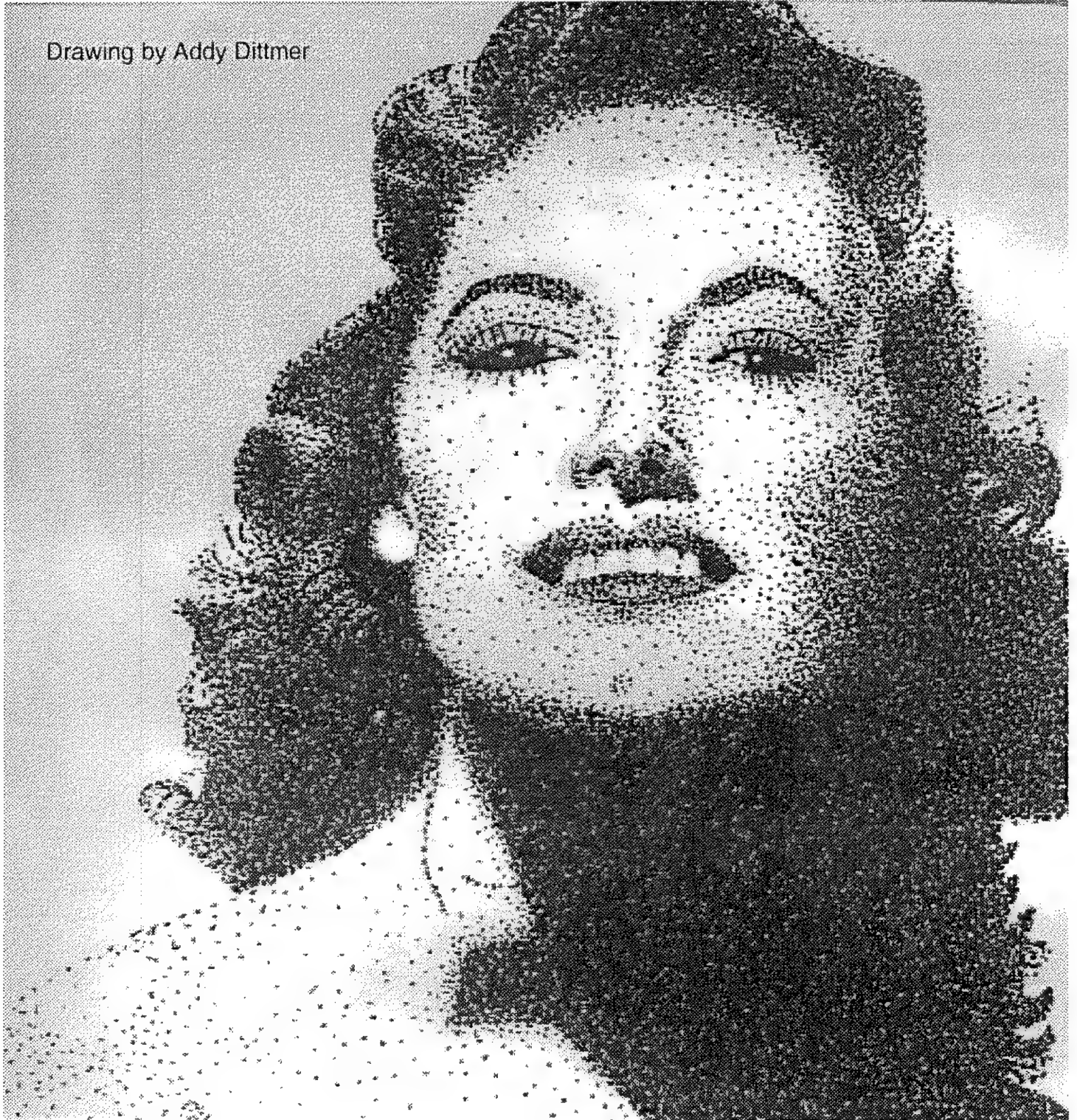
The baking timer sounded snapping her back into the present. Her eyes were no longer the deep brown they had been at the start of the story, they now had a green tint to them that made her eyes even easier to look at. As she pulled the pie out of the oven she said, "The next day he came back all scraped up and even had a few bruises, but overall he was fine. Nobody ever caught us and it was our secret up until now."

She looked at me hard and asked curiously, 'Any secrets you feel you need to share with me?'

'Not anytime soon.'

She paused for a second then laughed before saying, 'You're so stubborn. I guess you are your father's daughter.'

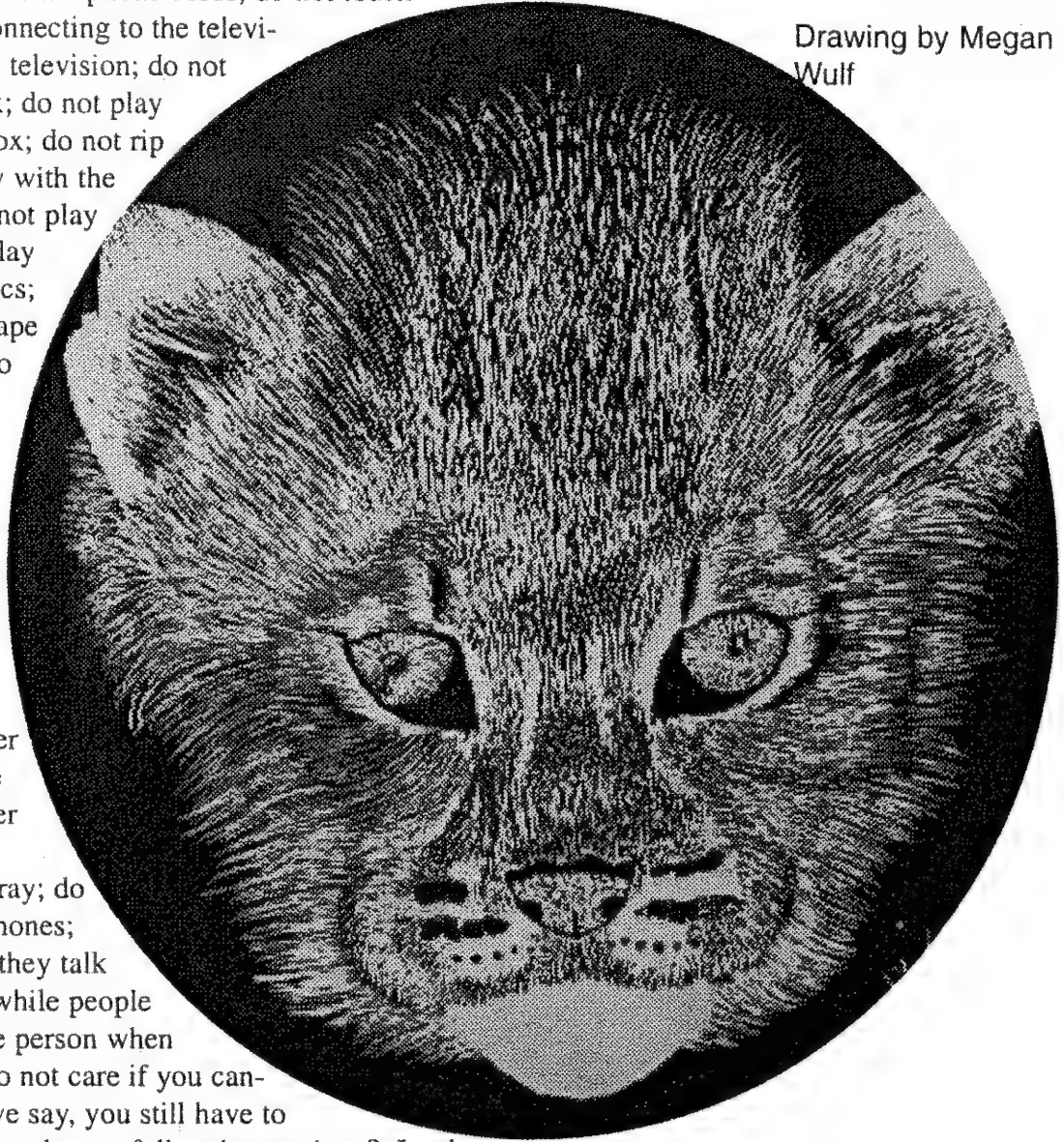
Drawing by Addy Dittmer



Taylor Everding  
Devil Cat

Do not play on the headboard when I am sleeping or any other time; do not bite me when I am sleeping; do not bite my family; do not bite my friends when they walk in the door; do not bite my friend's feet; do not bite my feet; do not bite the phone cords; do not touch the electrical cords connecting to the television; do not touch the television; do not touch the satellite box; do not play with the decoration box; do not rip the boxes; do not play with the ripped cardboard; do not play on the radio; do not play with the Compact Discs; do not play with the tape player in the closet; do not play with the empty shampoo bottles; do not eat the shampoo bubbles in the shower; do not play with the shower faucet head in the sink on the counter; do not play on the counter; do not tip over soda containers on the counter; do not tip over my apple juice on the counter or television tray; do not jump on my ear phones; listen to people when they talk to you; do not meow while people talk to you; look at the person when they talk to you; we do not care if you cannot understand what we say, you still have to follow instructions; how do you follow instructions? Look at the person, say ok, and do what you have been told right away; listen to my instructions I gave to you; this time my instructions are: do not touch the candy on the table, the candy does not need to be touched; do not play with the candy; do not roll the candy on the floor; do not roll them under the stove, it will attract more bugs in this house; do not eat the dead bugs under the stove, they have poison in their bodies, do not eat the poison we put on the mouse traps; do not touch the mice in the mouse trap; do not dig for moles in our yard; do not go outside in the yard without a leash; when you are on the deck with your leash outside, do not wrap yourself around the railing; do not jump off of the railing while your leash is wrapped around it, because then you cannot breathe, if you cannot breathe, you will die.

Drawing by Megan  
Wulf



## The End of the World

Men of earth truly value their lives over others, even through all of the persecution, perseverance, and prowess of their own skill.

Angels and demons are sent into the world to beckon the evil and kind-hearted to their cause.

The once silent skies are now filled with fire; all the lands are scorched with burning pyre.

No ray of hope shows as sin devours the world, yet keep faith and salvation will come.

Trust only those who can be trusted for love and friendship endures through all for the greatest challenge lies ahead.

The world's ransacked by demons and their minions, murder, mutilation and rape seize control.

Heaven's gates fling forward and Hell's jaws spew forth the inhabitants within.

As the influences of the angels and demons take their toll, rational actions take control.

The demonic host appears to have contaminated everything and still hope endures.

Before the war has started angels shout to the Lord and demons gnash their teeth.

Yet through all of the turmoil, nothing is lost when a glimmer of hope shines in the distance.

The savior of man, Jesus, shows his true glory and splendor and those who kept faith receive their salvation, then the war begins.

The war of the divine and damned rages on until Jesus destroys his enemies.

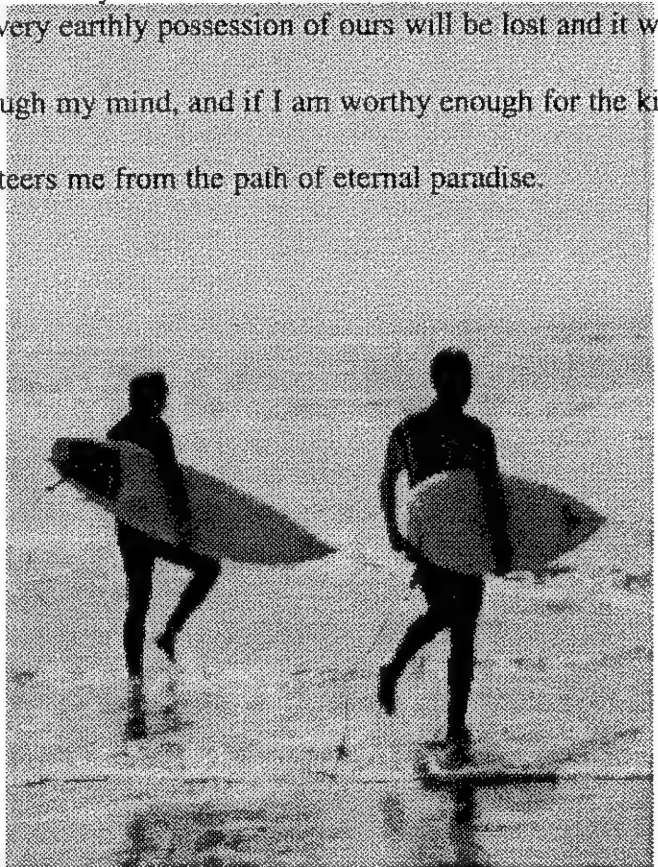
After the final showdown between Jesus and Satan, every earthly possession of ours will be lost and it will be just me, standing in front of God Almighty.

As I stand before the king of kings, my life races through my mind, and if I am worthy enough for the kingdom of heaven or condemned to hell.

Whether heaven's gates or hell-bound I am, nothing steers me from the path of eternal paradise.

Tony Percuoco

Photo by April Schmoe



### Advice to a Younger Sister By Kylie Gottschalk

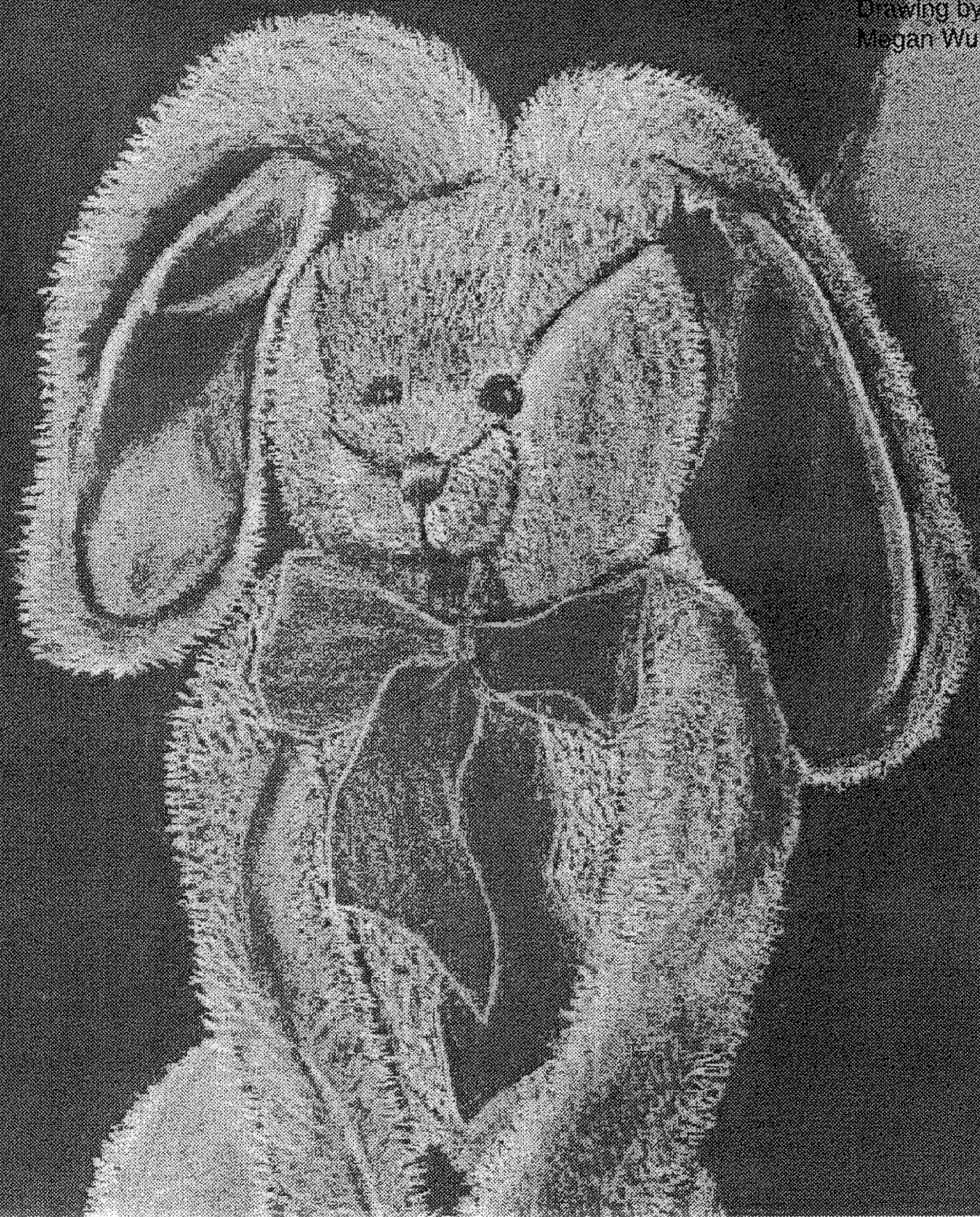
Always obey your parents, even though it's not the most fun; never be late for your curfew or have your boyfriend over when mom isn't home; and if you do stay out past curfew you better come up with a good excuse, actually, never lie to mom because she will find out; she can tell when your lying. Also, never lie or gossip about your friends because they will find out; you tell one person a secret and the whole class knows within 15 minutes. The gossip may be "juicy", but just hold back, you'll thank me later. It's actually just easier to always tell the truth because when you lie, you have to lie on top of another lie and so on and it's hard to keep up with; again you'll thank me for this. But if at one point something does go wrong you can talk to your family; we will always be here for you and make your day a little brighter. Whenever you're down, you can think about all the fun we've had as a family; like all those family car trips where we laughed at the simplest things and even cried over the simplest things; remember sitting in our "spots" and singing obnoxiously just to annoy mom and dad and also getting into fights which also annoyed them; also as a reminder try your best not to get into a fight in the car; its harder to run away. Never try and walk away from mom while she's in a serious conversation with you because she will pull you right back and never try and pry her off because then everything just gets worse. Always be on your best behavior because mom grounds us over the littlest things, so basically just be perfect and you'll do fine! I'm kidding, actually mom always forgets around us, so just lay low for awhile and she won't even notice when you go to the movies on Saturday night. Speaking of nights out, always drive safely (mom gets nervous easily) and don't turn the music up too loud because it's distracting. Oh, and don't talk on your phone either, I know I did it but that doesn't make it right. And another thing, I know I started dating when I was fifteen but being your big sister I won't allow you to date until you're at least eighteen; because no man will ever be good enough for you. But if you do end up dating sooner or later, say it first otherwise you will scare him off; never call him, let him call you; you will come off as needy or obsessed otherwise. Mom gave me this advice, so you should always trust what mom says because even though at the time it may not seem so, she's always right. You should also trust what I say; that I will love you forever and that I will always be here for you because you are, after all, my little sister.

### Advice to Parents

Evan Brown

Sometimes kids need time to rest and relax; kids also need time alone, they do not need to move every second of the day; on the other hand teens might want to be busy all day; some of the time parents need to let their kids go out and have fun, but other times they need to stay quiet and rest; parents need to help their children decide what may be best, but kids need to make their own decisions too; adults show patience while dealing with younger people, teens also need to have patience while with older people; do not overprotect teens, but do not let them run wild, a parent must let the children experience certain things on their own; parents cannot teach their children everything; if a person makes a mistake, let them learn from it, yelling and punishing may not always be the best idea; kids may act reckless at times, but they will learn from their mistakes and become mature adults; children should not be weighed down with chores, or have too many responsibilities thrust upon them; overloading them with household duties along with schoolwork, athletics, a social life, and other activities can overwhelm a teen; teens should have more fun and enjoy their youth; minors should be treated with respect, but show greater respect to their elders; if kids do not misbehave, parents should reward them; but if kids do misbehave, an appropriate punishment should be used; at times kids need someone to talk to, "*How was your day at school, what happened today?*" Sometimes kids are not in the mood to tell about their day, "*Um, nothing happened today.*" Treat teens with patience and understanding and they will be happier for it.

Drawing by  
Megan Wulf



## The Best Dancer

By: Bryana Weispfenning

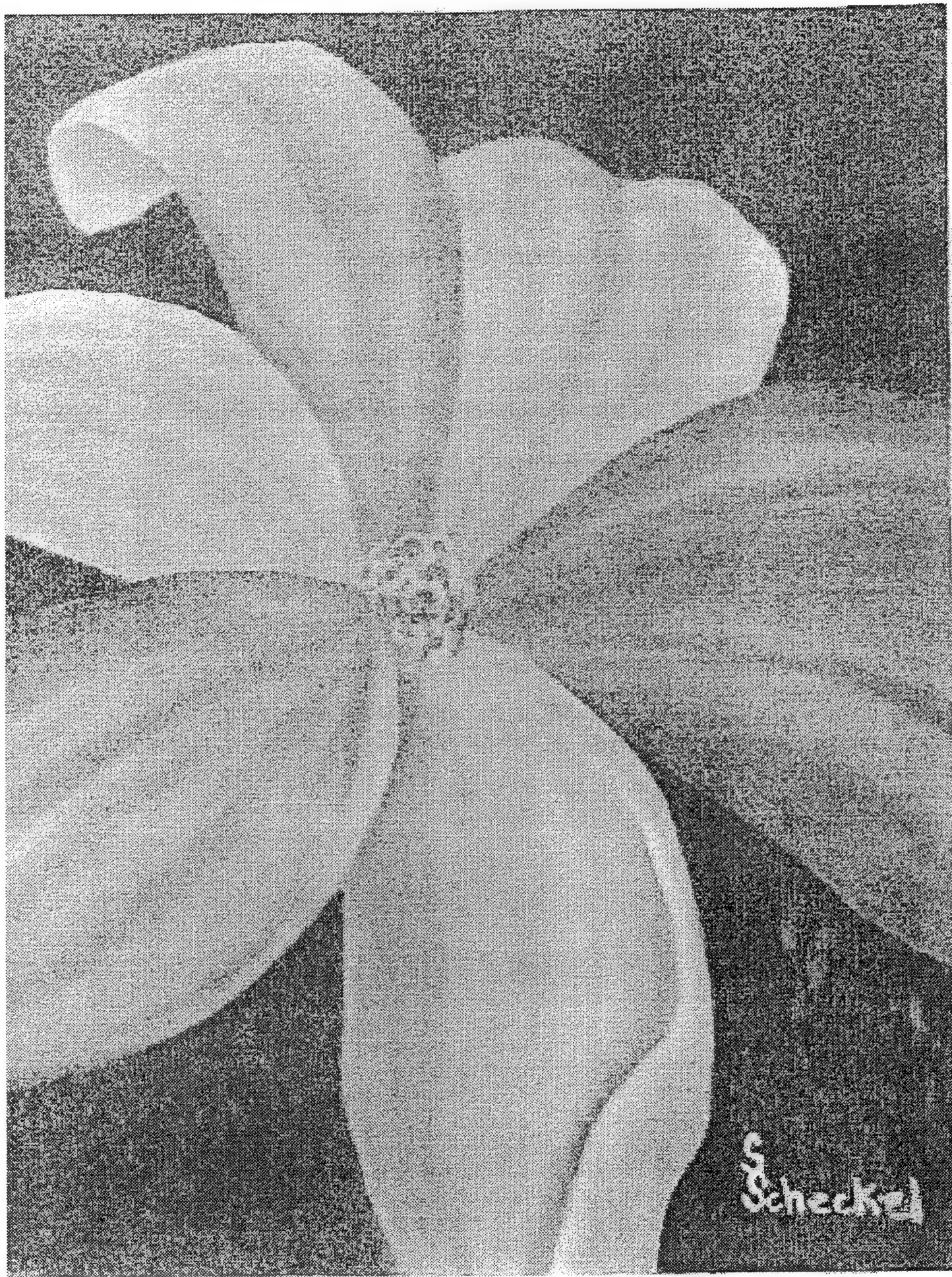
Sleep, wake up, shower, catch the bus; go to school, come home, do your homework, eat dinner, go to dance, then go to bed and start over; always keep ahead of your schoolwork, you never want to fall behind when you have class to go to, you can't have the bad grades when you are a committed dancer; you never want to come home from a long night of dance and stay up doing homework; don't eat pop and cookies when you get home from school, you don't want to get fat and lazy; eat an apple or banana, the key to being a good dancer is staying healthy and fit; go for a walk or a jog, don't sit around being a couch potato until you have to leave; you have to have a positive attitude or you have high chances of doing badly or messing up; always respect others, the dancer, the ones you are with to have a happy, positive environment; patience is the key to be the best dancer you can be, and you always need the determination to learn new things and have the effort to do so; you should always be well rested up, you wouldn't want to hurt yourself for not being alert; you need to stay away from things like drugs and alcohol, because things like that will get you in trouble, and it may affect your dancing ability, no one wants to see someone on stage stumbling around, and falling over, off the stage, into people, messing others up, even though it may be humorous; but nevertheless always have fun, to be a good dancer and becoming the best you can be you do need lots to help you get there; jump and be silly; act like you're a little kid again; run around the park; in the pool; in the stores; at a party; around the house, sing in the shower; dance and sing in the mirror; football games, homecoming; school dances; this is how you become the best dancer you can be.

## Butterfly Free By Cecilia Grove

Butterfly Free-

Free from a gold lined cage,  
Let your wings spread  
In the light of dawn,  
Shed the jacket of lies  
And fly high across the sky.

This flower's not your home,  
This purple petal  
Of a spider's palace-  
Get out while you still can



## NYC

Beginning of June, setting off for the exploration, leaving the normal routine.  
During the summer clouds we set flight in hope to see a new city.  
Make me, O city, joyous as if everything in the world was perfect.  
When the morning has risen, we set out for adventure.  
New York is the place where beings are not uncommon.  
From Times Square to the other side of Manhattan, taxis appeared from everywhere.  
If you want a ride, flag down a taxi.  
Do not get lost, travelers, for the city is large one piece of advice said.  
Watching from the heads and eyes of buildings.  
Street after street of buildings they seem to never end.  
He told me to back away from The Today Show star.  
I have seen hopeful musicians playing for the streets in hope of an opportunity for a career.  
"Hey yo! Buy my CD" The rapper asked as I walked by.  
Passing by the memorial of the day that will not be forgotten, being real quiet but still loud from the hustle and bustle of city life.  
The cross serves as a symbol of remembrance on the site of ground zero.  
The broken piece of one of two buildings remains from cleared rubble.  
The enormous, glowing green, liberty lady continues overlooking the ocean.  
The throbbing life of the residents, trembling with excitement from the activities.  
The NBA store shouted my name the second we saw each other.  
People, tourists, gather by the stores' entrances.  
I try to sleep and dream but keep getting woken up by the nightlife.  
The city sounds ring above the voices of the sea.  
The streets stand busy as the night progresses.  
As I get used to it, my experiences end.  
Seeing the city gave me a different aspect on what my life could turn out I must confess.  
At the end of the trip we were very exhausted, we were very sad that it had ended.  
Bye Bye dear place, my dear vacation.  
Good bye the experience of my life, Good bye my favorite city.  
Good bye the experience of my life, Good bye my favorite city.

Justin Lane



Jillian Christoff

Mom I'm leaving, I'll be home after school; Of course I'll drive safe and I love you too! She always tells me to drive safe, I am a safe driver! I dislike school; Why do I have to go to school? I have to do all of my homework when I get home from school, I have cross country practice after school. What am I going to do this weekend? We should go to dinner this weekend, then see a movie; Or should everyone come over to my

house; If everyone goes to my house we will stay out of trouble; Nobody wants to get into trouble! Make good choices then you won't get into trouble; If you don't get into trouble your parents won't be angry with you! Do

good in school, make good choices, don't talk back, and stay out of trouble are ways your parents can't get mad at you. I hardly ever get into trouble; Some of my friends get into trouble, but nothing terrible.

Surrounding yourself by good people is one way to stay out of trouble; Having values is another. I value myself and my family. If you just happen to find yourself in a little bit of trouble don't talk back to your parents,

just nod and say yes. If you admit that you were wrong your punishment will probably be less, also if you say things to make your parents feel bad for you your punishment

may be less. If your punishment is for a long period of time, help out around the

house more, be polite, and help

younger siblings with their homework.

Your parents will see that you are really

be ungrounded! Don't talk back or get

into more trouble while you're being

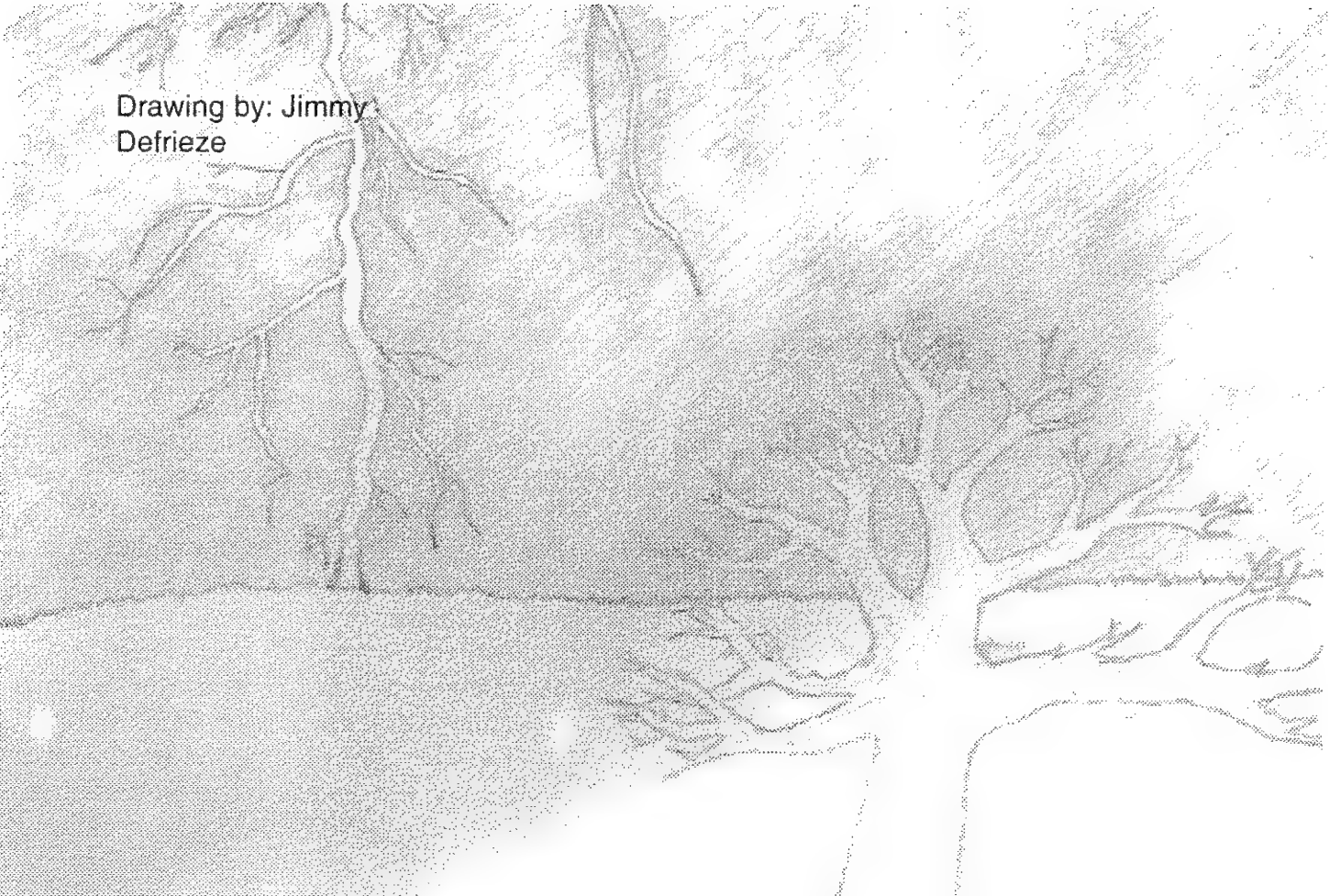
grounded; just obey the rules like a good

kid. If you ask me, the best way to stay

out of trouble is to make good decisions.

Alison Lamont





Drawing by: Jimmy  
Defrieze

### Advice for New Drivers

Check your mirrors, and put on your seatbelt; start your vehicle, and shift into reverse; be cautious, watch out for the little boy next door-he's running for his ball; wait for the passing truck; pull into the right lane, and shift into drive; obey the speed limit - this is a residential area; stop at the stop sign; turn left, continue for three blocks; turn your right turn signal on; wait for the blue van; the blue van is turning, go ahead and turn; get onto the highway, accelerate quickly and merge; pick up speed - people are passing you; slow down - you maniac; get off on the next exit; turn on your lights - its getting dark; watch out for deer; I wonder if Will is back from his hunting trip yet; get off the highway; decelerate; stop at this gas station - the gas prices are always good; this is how you fill up your tank; this is how you pay the cashier; this is how you pay the cashier without staring at the cashier's teeth - or lack thereof; return to the road; don't talk on your cell phone while driving; stop at the stop light; go - it's green; slow down, a police car is behind you; change lanes, you need to turn; stop for the pedestrian; turn on to the deserted road; go ahead and speed - no one will know; this is how you change the radio station; this is how you adjust the air-conditioning; this is how you adjust your seat; don't recline while you're driving; turn left on this upcoming road; avoid hitting the cyclist; pull into the grocery store parking lot; make sure to lock your car - this is a suspicious neighborhood; set the bags in the trunk; be careful with the bag holding the eggs; they should make better egg containers; it's getting late - you should return home; pull out after the red sports car - nice car; turn on the windshield wipers - it's starting to rain; watch out!; this is how you call for a tow-truck; this is how you explain to the police what happened; this is how you call for a ride home; this is how you hitchhike home; this is how you pay for the damage to your car; who taught you how to drive anyway?

Jimmy D

## Advice for my Daughter

Please listen to what I tell you—I have experienced many of the same things you are going through now: don't fight with me when I try to wake you up in the morning; remember to go to the Key Club meeting this morning; make sure you don't lock your keys in the car; watch for little kids when driving in town; yield to oncoming traffic when turning left; remember to lock the car doors; make sure you shut the garage when you leave home; don't forget your homework on the kitchen table; do all your homework tonight; you have a volleyball game tomorrow; did you tell your teachers you have a dentist appointment tomorrow morning?; brush your teeth before you go to school or else bring some gum; clean off the bottom of your shoe where you stepped in gum; bring your volleyball shoes home tonight; you have a volleyball game tomorrow at five; remember to go to your band lesson fifth period tomorrow; practice your flute tonight so you do well in your band lesson; did you ever find the music you lost in your room?; pick up your room and put away your clothes; this is how you fold your brother's shorts; remind your brother to take you to church tonight if you finish all your homework; we are going to church Saturday night because we are going out to eat Sunday morning for your cousin's birthday; wrap the gift card we bought you for her and put it in the dining room; please don't spend that whole mall gift card in one shopping trip; you need to learn to conserve some of your money—money doesn't grow on trees; water the tree in the backyard and don't forget the planter in the front; bring in your shoes you left in the front yard before it rains; mow the lawn tonight because it is supposed to rain tomorrow morning; vacuum up all the grass left by your friends last night on the kitchen floor; remember to always be kind to your friends no matter what mood you are in; be respectful to the people around you and always remember my advice for you.

—Stephanie Merrick

Drawing by Megan Wulf

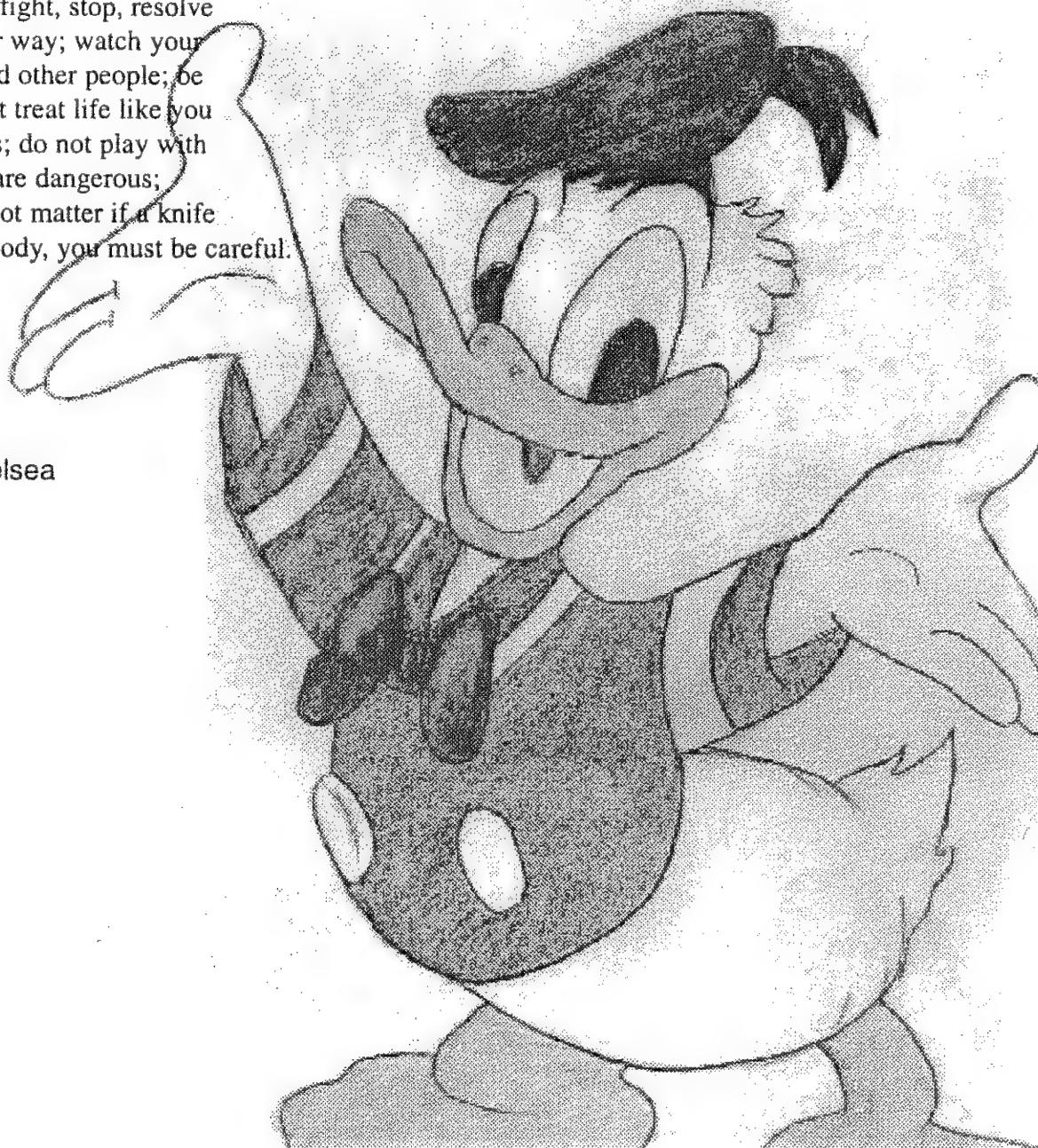


Aaron Schroder

### Advice for Younger Brother

Wash the clothes every time they are dirty; throw the clothes in the basket and do not forget, otherwise they will not be washed; wash anything you sweat in, not many people like the smell of sweat; always work hard in everything; if you want to do something try it, if you try it now and fail, there is no punishment, try and fail in twenty years at something and there could be severe consequences; try sports, they help your body, mind, and life skills; be involved, if you become involved in anything there will be more people that you can meet; make friends, they can help and sometimes hurt, but friends can be some of the most valuable people ever; do not place too much value in items, they will all eventually rot away, become broken or damaged and become nothing; spend time on school; school can make your future great or school can ruin a future career; eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner; a mind cannot run on zero energy; watch out for anything, like light sockets, that give off energy; snow can be dangerous; never get buried in snow, dirt, or any other substance; do not be so afraid of something that you cannot enjoy it; animals can be enjoyable but do not become too attached; beware of bugs, they may be small but they have a mean bite; never bite other people no matter what; if it is unavoidable, defend yourself but never bite; never fight at school, nothing good comes from fighting at school; if two people want to fight, stop, resolve the fight some other way; watch your words, do not offend other people; be courteous but do not treat life like you are walking on nails; do not play with sharp objects, they are dangerous; knives cut, it does not matter if a knife cuts bread or your body, you must be careful.

Drawing by Chelsea  
Weiss

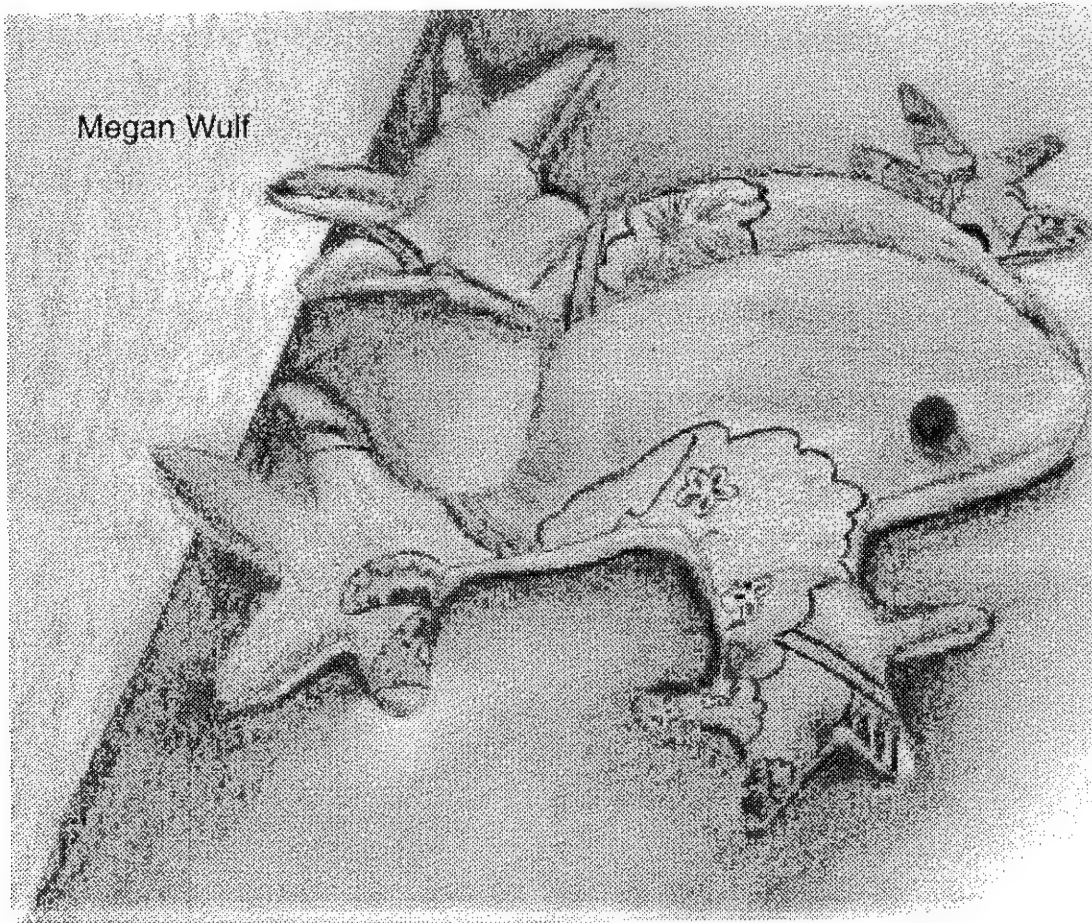


## Advice to My Sister

By: Chelsea Weiss

Don't forget to practice the drums for your challenge coming up. Mr. "B" isn't a very good band teacher you'll like Mr. K better. Marching Band is so much different in high school than what Mr. Bawden teaches you in junior high. Don't forget to practice your music, even your marching music because you'll really stand out if you aren't good. Don't forget to always step off with your left foot and there are 8 steps to a dot all the dots are red so you can see them. When there's a red out don't go to the game without something red, you look like you're out of the loop. If you get your ears pierced, don't wear those monstrous hoop earrings your head will look out of proportion and goofy. When you go on band trips they will probably be in Disney World. Don't forget your money and keep it spread out, so if some gets stolen, you'll still have some left over. Don't waste your money just because you really want that 10 dollar key chain, you can probably get it back in Iowa, and are you really going to put a 6 inch Donald Duck face on your purse? Don't get caught with backpacks in school, you get in major trouble. Purses are ok but make sure you don't forget them anywhere because people steal. Remember when Kamie got her cell phone stolen at the Y? Her parents had to buy her a new one. Don't buy super small jeans because you will outgrow them and mom doesn't like buying new clothes all the time. Try not to be late for things, you make a bad impression and you are constantly rushing. Don't make mom go out of her way for you, she gets mad and usually takes away privileges. Make sure you that you clean out your gerbil's cage more often, how would you like it if you had to live in a stinky house? *'I wouldn't like that at all'* Didn't think so. Don't spend all your time playing computer games and watching tv there is so much more to life. Try to socialize more with your friends and try to make new ones, you need to learn those skills for when you're older. Don't be afraid of boys, they can be really great friends, sometimes even better than girls and remember they are people too, I know big surprise. When it comes time for Mother's Day, do something nice for mom, she has done so much for us and has given up her life for us, she really deserves a nice surprise. Hopefully one day your children will do the same for you.

Megan Wulf

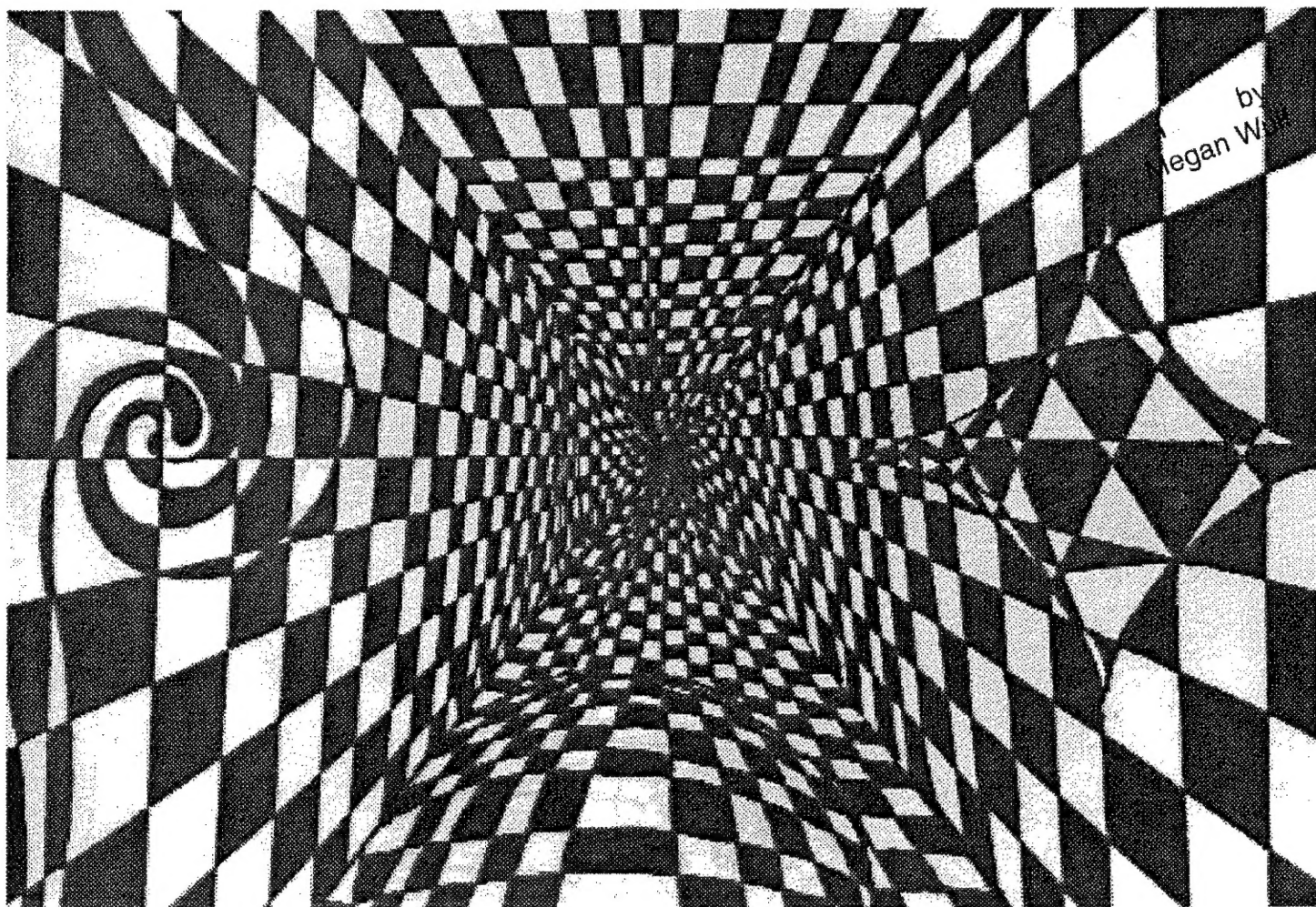


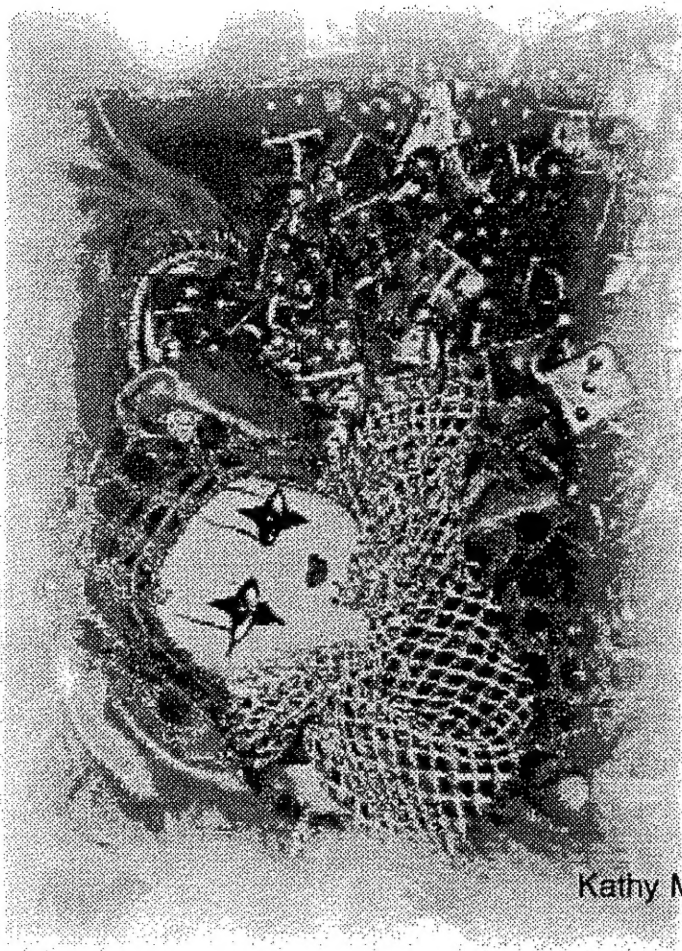
Advice to Teenage Sons  
Jim Kinney

Be sure to wake up early enough to brush your teeth and shower or you will be late to choir practice, do you have choir practice Wednesday, because you have an LP Board Meeting at 7:00 at Hardees, is the musical this year running for 3 shows or 4? Have you tried on a costume for your part yet; we also need to get you and your brother Halloween costumes early this year so we can beat the rush. Your dad will probably be stuck in rush hour traffic on his way home from work today so you'll need a ride home, and you will also need to talk to Tina in the Activities office to get a pass out of school on your birthday so we can get your license. Your dad also needs to call the insurance company so we can have you added on to our insurance, your dad would like you to have more experience behind the wheel so you don't have an accident early on. We waited an extra year for your sister to get her license so you really need to avoid an accident as much as possible. I remember when you were 2yrs and I crashed, it was a very scary experience and I do not want you to have to deal with the stress of possibly losing your license or being ticketed. *Mom, should I smile or not when I get my picture taken for my license?* Well, I smiled and your father had a fake smile on, and your grandparents both were serious. In this day and age, you kids smile, and I think that's the best idea for you, you have a beautiful smile and you really saved your dad and I a bundle by not having to pay for braces. You do have a dentist appointment coming up here sometime, maybe the 15th or 16th of October. Well, you'll have to ask Julie and Scott if Greg can come to your birthday party at your appointment, hopefully they will let him even though they are a little bit overprotective or something. Maybe you can have Greg and Travis over after the game in Burlington, I could rent a few movies and you could sleep in the basement. Did Travis' house sell yet? I was really hoping he would be able to move by us so you guys could hang out more often. *Hey mom the phone's ringing! Why don't you get it?*

Tova Hettinger

School comes first. Always! Don't go talking to your friends in class and miss the main point of the lesson. Don't gossip with your friends, rumors always come back and cause problems of some kind. Never buy clothes that are too tight for your body, you will look stupid. Never leave your clothes out in the locker room, someone will steal them. Never ever copy some source for a paper, that is plagiarizing and you will get yelled out by whoever catches you. Do not, under any circumstances, try to get cranky at a teacher, it will only bring you humiliation and shame. Try not to stuff everything into your locker, keep it organized because if everything falls out on you, you will be completely embarrassed. Always do your homework, so that when the teacher asks you for an answer, you actually have one and at least look like you know what you are talking about. Don't let people copy your homework. If they need help, they can have it explained to them. Always be sure to understand what is going on in Math. If you miss one thing, you miss everything that follows. If you ever don't know where to go, stay close to someone with a 'knowing' face and follow them until you get to where you should be. Always go to class, skipping gets you nowhere. Don't always try to get the last word when you are arguing with someone. Parents usually know best, so listen to what they say. Keep your room clean. Fold your pants and hang your shirts. Do your laundry, don't forget to separate the colors from the whites. Never wear white clothing to school. If you make a mess in a class, clean it up. Teachers will be mad if you don't. Don't assume that a teacher hates you just because you get a bad grade., If you get a bad grade, it's not the end of your life, do better next time. Always do you best in everything so that you never look bad and regret something. Don't dwell on the past mistakes you have made, everyone has a chance to do better. Don't focus solely on the things you have accomplished either because then you might get lazy and think that you don't have to do anything else, but you should still be proud of what you have done. I will always be proud of you, my dearest and only sister, and whether you follow my advice or not I know you will accomplish great things.





Kathy Mixdorf

